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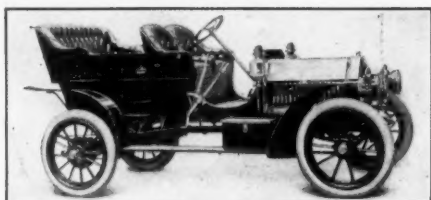
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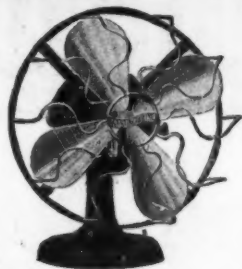
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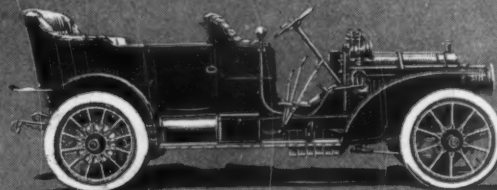


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Los Angeles Times:

The journal of a keen, independent mind. Full of originality. Full of fine, beautiful, strong thoughts.

Chicago News:

The protest of an exuberant life against the cold conventions of existing codes. The utter frankness, sincerity and aptness of expression certainly make the little volume interesting reading.

Columbus Journal:

A brightness like that of Marie Bashkirtseff.

New York Times' Book Review:

The smartness of the woman's sayings is indisputable. The little Purple Book will make its own hit.



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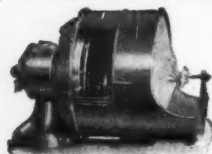
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*The
Literary
Zoo*

The Yarn of a Yak

WHILE John T. McCutcheon, best known as a cartoonist, and W. Kirkpatrick Brice, son of the late Senator from Ohio, were traveling last summer across the Alai Mountains into Chinese Turkestan, they lived for a good part of the time with the nomads of those high upper altitudes. These nomads are Kipchaks, a Mongol tribe whose habitat is Eastern Tartary, and whose habits are—but never mind. They use yaks as beasts of burden, and on precipitous slopes the yak is a wonder. A slow but earnest worker, with a negligee coat of hair that drags on the ground like a lady's train, he can stroll up an angle that would discourage the human fly of the sideshows. Brice and McCutcheon learned to love the yak, which they rode on some of their side trips from the mail caravan trail to Kashgar. At the risk of being classed with the nature fakers, they have planned a book of their experiences, and would speculate on the title. "Tramping Through Tartary" seemed pleasingly alliterative, but was promptly discarded for "A Week End in Central Asia." Then Mr. McCutcheon had an inspiration, and if his advice prevails with the publisher the book will appear as "A Yak-Back Trip Through the Kipchak Country." Any one who can say that fast and often enough, without showing signs of mental fatigue, will be admitted to the Ancient Order of the Whirling Dervish, and no questions asked.

Adams

NO PENT-UP Manhattan confines the powers of Stewart Edward White, who returned some time ago to the Jumping-off Place at Santa Barbara, Cal., where he has been joined by his literary partner, Samuel Hopkins Adams. We are reminded that Mr. Adams is one of the ever-increasing band of *Sun* graduates who have abandoned daily journalism to swell the ranks of "liter'y fellers." The list of these embraces David Graham Phillips, the Beau Brummel of New York authors, who served an intermediate term as editorial writer for the *World*, after resigning from the *Sun*; Jesse Lynch Williams, whose pessimistic stories of newspaper life—the best of their kind thus far produced—reflect his attitude toward the reporter's calling; John R. Spears, globe-trotting specialist, who has settled down as an historical writer; Edward W. Townsend, whose "Chimmie Fadden" still eclipses his subsequent endeavors; Will Irwin, of



"The City That Was," who, however, had earned a reputation before he came to New York; Oscar King Davis, Cyrus C. Adams, Eleanor Hoyt and a number of others whose names are more or less familiar to magazine readers.

On the whole, a rather respectable list. Probably it cannot be paralleled by the product of any other one journal; but we must not forget that the Chicago press has given us Eugene Field, Peter Finley Dunne, George Ade, Stanley Waterloo and others.

Mark Twain

THE old gibe that it takes an Englishman a long time to see a joke is now confirmed in the case of Mark Twain. After all these years, Oxford University has grasped "the point," and has taken Mark's measure for a cap and gown, in token of its esteem for America's greatest humorist. Or can it be that the British mind is more discerning than ours, and sets more store by the serious purpose and cogent criticism that are interwoven in his dissembling style? However this may be, the joke, after all, is on Mark. In order to be dubbed Doctor of Civil Law, he must put aside his apparel of pure white and array himself in a spotless garment of another kind—"all black without a white spot," like the reputation of "The Henrietta's" mythical widow.

Search Mr. Chesterton

AN INTRODUCTION to the Book of Job has been thoughtfully supplied to the June *Putnam's* by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the catch-as-catch-can literary wrestler. The many readers for whom Job is too serious will find Mr. Chesterton bright and entertaining. We understand that other papers in the series will embrace: "Me and the Apostles," by William Stead; "An Appreciation of Jeremiah," by Hall Caine; "A Preface to the Song of Solomon," showing why he didn't sing it in prose, by G. Bernard Shaw; "Numbers," by Col. Harry Graham; "Joshua," by Owen Seaman.

George Ade

GEORGE ADE, farmer and fabler, spent the winter in Pasadena; and thereby hangs a tale. The preceding season had been a fruitful one in the Indiana farming region. A ton of manuscript to the acre is no uncommon yield in the neighborhood of Brook, and Ade had shared in the general prosperity and gone to California to rest up for the spring plowing. He had cast off care with his overalls, and had salted down his royalties where they wouldn't spoil, when one fine day he received a letter from his brother at Brook, reminding him that he had meant to set out an orchard, and advising him to lose no

Continued on page 7



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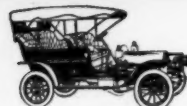
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Stanley's Cat

IT IS a good story of Henry M. Stanley, after his return from Africa, when writing his "Dark Continent."

He used to spread his reference maps on the floor of his room, and one day, after searching for a map which he much needed, he spoke to his assistant, who found it near the fireside, with Stanley's cat on it asleep.

He started to turn the cat off, when Stanley said: "Never mind—don't disturb the cat. I'll get along without the map until the cat wakes up."

The cat slumbered on, and not until she rose did the famous explorer reach for his map.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

The Luxury of War

WE ALL have our luxuries. Some of us have our steam yachts, some our automobiles, some our books, and some of us our bad habits; but luxuries we must have, cost what they will. So, too, with the world. It has its luxury—war.—*The World To-day*.

ELLA: Marry you? Why, you couldn't dress me. EDGAR: I wasn't asking for a position as lady's maid.—*Pick Me Up*.

IT IS desired that no more fancy dogs shall be sent as gifts to the White House. Mr. Roosevelt is not at present interested in animals.—*Washington Star*.

Two Sides of a Proverb

IN YOUTH my veins with yearning surged
Far lands to visit and the seas to cross;
"The rolling stone," remonstrant urged
My cautious parent, "will collect no moss."

I went, I saw, I conquered; and
When I came back with bales of money,
"I always said," quoth dad, so bland,
"Tis roving bees that get the honey!"—*New York Sun*.

What Is a Baby?

A BABY: That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, the past forgotten, the future brighter.—*Rupert's Magazine*.

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is a new product of science which liberates active oxygen in the mouth, destroying all germs of decay—harmlessly bleaching the teeth and preventing formation of tartar.

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time in sending an order to a Dayton, Ohio, nursery, with instructions to rush the shipment.

Ade acted on this advice, enclosing his check for \$100 in his letter to the nurseryman; then he dismissed the matter from his mind. Some weeks afterward the author of "The Slim Princess," while idly OK-ing the final proofs, was informed that a carload of trees awaited him at the Pasadena express office. Ten minutes later he was satisfied that no mistake had been made—at least not in the delivery of the trees. Nor was there anything in the nature of a mirage in the express company's bill for \$1,000. He had simply neglected to say that the shipment should be made to Brook, and not to Pasadena.

* * *

THE agent was sympathetic. He tactfully pointed out that California looked to Indiana for its literature, but not for its fruit. Perhaps he could get a special rate on the return shipment. Perhaps— But Ade was deep in thought. That \$1,000 was past praying for. He would present the trees to the hotel manager—and he did. The gift was graciously accepted. Every able-bodied man in the "Maryland" shed his coat and anticipated Arbor Day. A Minneapolis millionaire dug the holes; prosperous citizens from a dozen different States lent a hand. The distinguished donor was the only absentee; his sense of humor couldn't stand the strain. Thus was planted the "Ade Memorial Orchard."

Miss Braddon

ANOTHER novel by Miss Braddon! Shades of the Victorian era! If our Puritan grandmothers frowned upon the reading of fiction, imagine their state of mind had they been confronted with the demoralizing spectacle of a granddame spinning love-yarns at the age of seventy. For Miss Braddon was born in Soho Square, London, in 1837, and shows no disposition to lay down her pen. She seems to be entitled to some sort of celebration. Her first published novel, "The Trail of the Serpent," appeared in 1860. It was followed soon after by two of her best-known tales, "Aurora Floyd" and "Lady Audley's Secret," and ever since her fiction factory has known no strike or lockout.

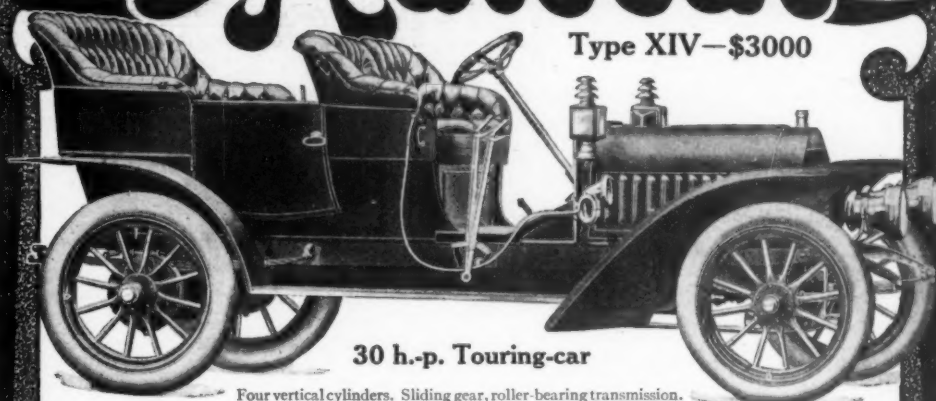
All told, Miss Braddon has, like our own Mr. Howells, produced sixty books, besides two plays, one of which, "Griselda," was performed at the Princess's Theatre in 1873. Unlike Mr. Howells's output (we believe he holds the record for production in this country) her sixty books are all novels. Surely an amazing instance of activity.

Twenty-five years ago, when American novel readers had rural England at their

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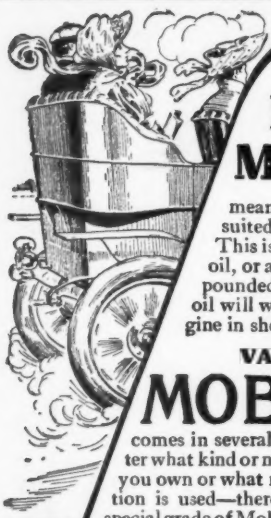
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fingers' ends, Miss Braddon's tales were in active demand here. Those were the brave days of "The Duchess," of Helen Mathers (we believe we have the lady's name correct), and of Mary Cecil Clay. Against these and the greater "Ouida" we could only pit such popular names as Augusta Evans Wilson and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. How our infant industry has rallied since we compelled the book pirates to walk the plank! After our morning prayers of thanks for the protective tariff on steel rails, let us join in a hymn of praise to Congress for the copyright law which in a measure protects us from Marie Corelli and her kind.

Reputations

A SUGGESTIVE critic has remarked that a poet may achieve fame, more or less enduring, with twenty lines of true poetry, even if he writes nothing more. We might add that the something more, as in the case of Wordsworth, let us say, is only too often a curtain hung between his genius and the gaze of posterity. Delete the table of contents in the unabridged works of those classic bards who "bulk large," and you will find the task of winnowing the pages a trifle tiresome.

Examples of the sufficient "twenty lines" will readily occur to readers of poetry. It seems superfluous to cite Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song," "The Chambered Nautilus" of Holmes, "The Tiger" of William Blake—any good scrap-book will supply the rest.

* * *

PUTTING immortality and poetry aside, and turning to the plain ephemeral prose of our own day, it is profitable to observe what reputation waits on the writer who lifts himself, if but momentarily, above the dead level of his contemporaries. In an age when everybody writes, when criticism is impressionistic rather than canonical, and public taste astray, it seems little short of a miracle that one should make a reputation with a single book, perhaps with a single short story—with an essay, even. Yet somehow the thing is done, and the ever-rushing stream of books does not overwhelm it. Edward Bellamy did it with "Looking Backward"; otherwise, his name is writ on water. Beatrice Harraden's sad little tale, "Ships that Pass in the Night," made her an international celebrity, and aroused expectations that have not been fulfilled. Because E. F. Benson, many years ago, wrote a rather sensational novel of moderate merit, he has ever since been known as "Dodo." In a fit of creative frenzy, our own James L. Ford produced "The Literary Shop"—since then he has not dared to be as funny as he can. Edward W. Townsend made a popular success with "Chimmie Fadden," without half trying; it was all in the day's



work for a daily newspaper. He has labored mightily to duplicate it, in a more serious way, but without avail. Irving Bacheller "struck twelve o'clock" with "Eben Holden." Did the author of "The Breadwinners" ever write another novel? What has become of Olive Schreiner since she wrote "The Story of an African Farm"? "The Story of a Country Town" is one of the best things that ever came out of Kansas; but the public of to-day knows E. W. Howe only as a producer of newspaper paragraphs.

AND so it goes. Posterity, as Matthew Arnold has noted, is ever engaged in throwing over its literary luggage; and it will not let the author boss the job. It has, for example, chucked Charles Reade (the phrase is our own, not Arnold's), excepting his immortal "The Cloister and the Hearth," and insists upon cherishing "Lorna Doone" as one of its precious possessions, despite the protests of Blackmore.

MEANWHILE, those of us who rejoice in the persistence of the unobtrusive literary achievement must have noticed how the name of Harry Stilwell Edwards is still associated with "Two Runaways"—a magazine short story of twenty years ago. Even more striking is the case of Clarence King, whose name means nothing to the average novel reader, but whose "The Helmet of Malbrino"—a paper contributed to the *Century Magazine* in the early eighties—is to this day quoted as an example of good literary art. "As ever," wrote Gertrude Atherton to LIFE, not long ago, "I found my greatest pleasure in Clarence King's 'Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada'; a book surely unsurpassed in our literature for perfection of style—natural style—and poetical imagination, to say nothing of its humor."

Gould

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD, of Philadelphia, who has made the medical profession "sit up," both in applause and attack, since he first began to demonstrate the prevalence of eye-strain among literary workers, is an apostle of toil. The five volumes of "Biographic Clinics," in which he has so plausibly set forth his explanation of the tragic sufferings endured by many men of genius, are but a fraction in the output of his ceaseless energy. He is the author of several medical dictionaries and encyclopedias, a compiler of curious scientific data, an investigator of "borderland" phenomena, and the possessor of a literary style which in the elucidation of metaphysical problems makes him a welcome contributor to such magazines as the *Atlantic*.

In spite of the rigorous demands of his practice and his duties as the editor of



Lunch Always Tastes Good

if you have found the birds, if your dogs have worked well, and above all if your shells have been right. Shells loaded with

"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS

are always right. "INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS is the only dense powder made in America and is the best dense powder made anywhere. It is a shotgun smokeless powder that is made to be used in any and all kinds of weather. It is not affected by heat or cold, dryness or dampness. Its accuracy and reliability make it what its name implies—"INFALLIBLE."

*Nobody can make a mistake in specifying
"INFALLIBLE" SMOKELESS in their loaded shells*

(N. B.—Du Pont Rifle Powders meet all requirements. Write for descriptive folders, stating caliber and make of rifle.)

E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company

Established 1802

Wilmington, Delaware



Private Stable

FOR SALE—On Fifty-second Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, a new thoroughly equipped private stable 25 feet wide; accommodations for seven horses; with two box stalls. Up to date in every particular; electricity, gas, telephone, etc. The best lighted stable in the city. Address

J. EDGAR LEYCRAFT & CO., 19 West 42d Street, New York

The "Full-Jeweled"



The remarkable showing this car is making in the recent endurance events proves conclusively the efficiency of our patented system of cooling—by combs. It does its work perfectly.

CORBIN MOTOR VEHICLE CORPORATION

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
1888 Broadway, 62d St., New York
Motor Mart, Boston, Mass.

A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle :

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props
Hartford New York London



"American Medicine," Dr. Gould finds time to do all these things because of the hours he keeps. It means going to bed at nine o'clock and rising at six to perform his literary tasks before entering upon the routine of the day. In summer he takes refuge in his country place, and works perhaps even harder—but in his own way.

* * *

"BUT your amusements?" somebody asked him. "The theatre, the opera, for example."

"Music is my form of relaxation," said Gould, "and I get it in a peculiar way. We have here in Philadelphia a man who to my mind has no superior as a pianist and an expounder of musical composition. I have the good fortune to know him intimately, and he humors my whims. Tonight I have a notion to hear Chopin. I shall go to his house, stretch myself comfortably on the floor, with a pillow under my head, and have my fill of music at my ease. I get my Wagner in the same way, with verbal digressions and themal repetitions at will. It is really the way to hear music and to get the best out of it."

* * *

TO DR. GOULD belongs the credit of discovering Lafcadio Hearn's true sphere of inspiration—subjective Japan, and of urging him overseas against his will. Hearn lived for several months with Dr. Gould, whose intellectual and technical equipment, combined with this special opportunity for close observation, enabled him to discern and estimate with singular insight and accuracy not only the peculiar aptitudes of this visually crippled writer's genius but his limitations as well. An illuminating analysis of the author's affliction in relation to his work is set forth in a recent volume of the "Clinics," and is a rarely interesting contribution to the literature of "human documents." Divorced from any theory of optical pathology—for Hearn, though nearly blind, "never suffered a minute physically from this cause"—this brief and incomplete biography simply denotes the interdependence of imagination and experience with the faculties of physical and spiritual vision. As an interpretation of an extraordinary and fascinating personality it should be read both by Hearn's admirers and by those who have shown some disposition to disparage him.

An American Nimrod

WITH the overwhelming of the Indian, the passing of the cow-puncher, and the irrigation of "the Great American Desert," our once Wild West has been pretty effectually tamed. The novelist who would picture its primitive ways must reconstruct it from early experience and memories, or from the writings of others. Even the occupation of the nature faker is in peril—not alone from the brandishings



DRINK

SANDERSON'S

"Mountain Dew"

in moderation and you will find that the life and force contained in it will be imparted to you. Don't take our word. Try for yourself.



Underberg
THE WORLD'S BEST
Bitters

Delicious to the palate, good to the stomach, and the best appetizer known. The original, favorite, cordial liqueur.

ENJOYABLE AS A COCKTAIL AND BETTER FOR YOU.

Used before and after meals it prevents indigestion. Far superior to alcoholic stimulants. It cheers and invigorates, healthfully and permanently.

The tastiest of all bitters for sherry or mixed drinks is "UNDERBERG."

Over 6,000,000 bottles imported to United States.

At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers. Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinfelden, Germany, since 1846.

LUYTIES BROTHERS,
204 William Street, New York.



of the Big Stick, but simply because there will be no animate nature to fake. One may ride all day through forest and over plain in New Mexico and other remote regions and never flush anything more formidable than a coyote. In the nursery we are rearing a generation of mollycoddles on the Teddybear and the fairy tales of the Rev. Mr. Long.

LUCKILY, the great Canadian wilderness still stretches before us; and the feet of the young men in quest of big game and of fresh material for fiction are turned thereto. It is breeding a school of writers whose fictions are wholesome and refreshing, and, at their best, a stimulant to appetites cloyed by the sweetmeats of the literary larder. In this connection, a compilation of curious interest comes to us from Arthur Heming, the author of "Spirit Lake," who has spent much time among the Indians and fur hunters of Canada. It occurred to Mr. Heming that an accurate record of the various kinds of game killed by one Indian during his hunting career would be interesting and suggestive. To obtain it he consulted with an old fur trader who had known a certain Indian from boyhood, and who for many years had bought his annual catch of furs. This Indian, known in northwestern Canada as one of the best fur hunters in the country of the "Strong Woods," spent several days with the trader last summer; and together they went carefully over the records of the redskin's hunting during a period of thirty-nine years. Of the rarer varieties of animals, the hunter remembered the actual number; an approximate record of the commoner kinds was obtained by taking the average of his kill of many consecutive years and multiplying by thirty-nine.

THE Indian has been a rover over many regions wide apart, and this explains the great variety of game in the list that follows:

Wood buffalo, 49; moose, 390; wapiti, 156; caribou, 195; small deer, 78; bears, 585; mountain sheep, 60; mountain goats, 29; timber wolves, 112; lynx, 390; wolverines, 25; red foxes, 390; cross foxes, 78; silver foxes, 4; black foxes, 2; otter, 195; beaver, 1,080; fisher, 195; marten, 1,080; mink, 390; muskrats, 3,900; porcupines, 19. Total, 9,402.

To these may be added 16,000 hares, 24,000 feathered creatures and 36,000 fish of various kinds—in the killing of which he was helped by his family. During these years his annual income from the sale of his furs to the traders fluctuated from \$500 to \$2,000 per annum.

THE record reminds us that according to Schoolcraft's estimate, 8,000 acres in a wilderness state were necessary to support



Over the Rockies To Puget Sound

A delightful trip when made on the Oriental Limited or the Fast Mail via the

Great Northern Railway

Low round trip summer rates to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, Helena, Butte, Great Falls, Spokane, Wenatchee and many other points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia.

\$55 SPOKANE
THE KOOTENAI
FERNIE, B. C.
and Return

\$60 SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
and Return

From St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior daily until September 15, return limit October 31, 1907. Liberal stop-overs. Proportionately low rates from Chicago and points east.

Write or call for literature and full information.

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Passenger Traffic Manager
Great Northern Bldg., St. Paul

W. M. LOWRIE
General Eastern Passenger Agent
379 Broadway, New York

GENUINE GUYOT
SUSPENDERS
Webbing
Inimitable
Buttonholes
Indestructible
Look for the name
"GUYOT" on
every pair
ANNUAL SALES
OVER 2,000,000 PAIRS
To be had in every shop
60¢ per pair

JENNER & COMPANY

Undivided Estates Exclusively

55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

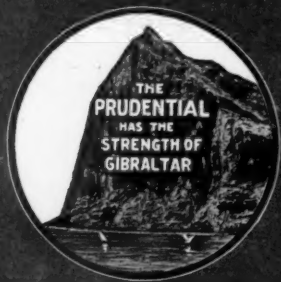
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WE deal in all kinds of undivided estate interests, including vested or contingent remainder interests, subject to life estate or payable at some future fixed period. We purchase or arrange advances upon the security of such interests upon moderate terms and at legal interest.

Our facilities for handling such proposals are adequate for any requirement.

For the
Inevitable "Rainy
Day"
Life Insurance
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The Prudential



Write for Booklet "On the Lee Shore"
a Story You Should Read

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated in the State of New Jersey
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

POSITION UNRIVALLED IN
LONDON, ENGLAND

The **LANGHAM
HOTEL**

Portland Place & Regent St., London, W.

FAMILY HOTEL OF
THE HIGHEST ORDER

IN FASHIONABLE and HEALTHY LOCALITY

Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September

On Lake George At the Gateway of
the Adirondacks
THE SAGAMORE

One of the Most Ideal Summer Resorts in America
Now Under the Management of

T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ, P. O. Sagamore, N. Y.
WINTER—The Kirkwood, Camden, South Carolina



one Indian by the chase. The rancher who succeeded him as lord of the range figured on twenty-five acres for the grazing of each cow and steer. On cultivated pasture land that area is considerably reduced, but our vegetarian friends assure us that it is still a shocking waste of the soil. It all involves some interesting problems which the commuter, hoeing his garden patch, may study out for himself.

Painful Suggestions

THE following table is from Mr. Charles F. Lummis's report of the Los Angeles Public Library. Does it mean that Grand Rapids has less imagination than the rest of us; or that the Grand Rapids are more serious and more solid? Does it mean that Brooklyn is nearly twice as wise as Boston, or that Chicago is five times wiser than Cambridge?

Where are we?

Proportion of Fiction to Total Circulation.
(1905.)

| City. | Total Circulation | Per cent. of Fiction |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Reading..... | 86,392 | 87.75 |
| Louisville..... | 69,705 | 83.60 |
| Salem..... | 94,234 | 78.73 |
| Paterson..... | 105,849 | 73.40 |
| Davenport..... | 138,259 | 73.00 |
| Washington..... | 349,991 | 71.80 |
| St. Joseph..... | 149,210 | 69.22 |
| Baltimore..... | 629,995 | 69.00 |
| Boston..... | 1,303,946 | 68.50 |
| New Bedford..... | 118,904 | 67.70 |
| Brooklyn..... | 2,579,068 | 67.00 |
| Newark..... | 405,744 | 64.20 |
| Buffalo..... | 1,170,156 | 64.10 |
| Haverhill..... | 169,489 | 64.00 |
| Allegheny..... | 106,756 | 63.60 |
| Lynn..... | 184,326 | 61.44 |
| Dayton..... | 204,851 | 60.00 |
| Pittsburg..... | 645,093 | 58.83 |
| Hartford..... | | 56.36 |
| Detroit..... | 674,964 | 53.65 |
| Cambridge..... | 228,779 | 63.40 |
| Minneapolis..... | 519,475 | 52.53 |
| Worcester..... | 257,395 | 52.00 |
| Scranton..... | 127,014 | 50.76 |
| Los Angeles..... | 841,067 | 50.50 |
| Chicago..... | 1,336,199 | 46.67 |
| St. Louis..... | 962,538 | 39.80 |
| Grand Rapids..... | 188,489 | 37.79 |
| New York..... | (no report) | |
| San Francisco..... | (no report) | |

Peary

THE passengers on a Pullman sleeper traversing a profitable lecture route in the middle West were greatly annoyed by the complaints of a man in a lower berth who was sensitive to draughts, and who gave the porter no peace until all the ventilators within sight had been fastened to exclude fresh air. Some curiosity concerning the kicker's identity was manifest the following morning. He did not look like an invalid, and when his fellow-passengers learned his name they were more perplexed

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

A
FITTING
FINALE
TO A
GOOD
DINNER

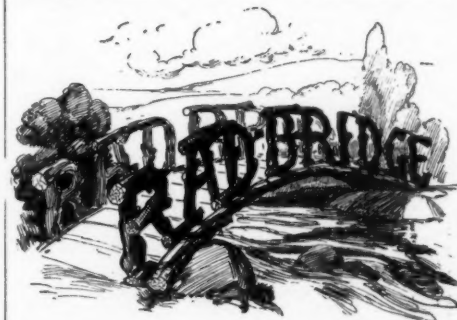


LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Taragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well), distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.



BRIDGE WHIST SCORES

Registered at Pat. Office: LONDON, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA.

Ask for **RAD-BRIDGE** the universal standard

Of Dealers everywhere or the Manufacturers

RADCLIFFE & COMPANY

LONDON: 3 Aldersgate Bldgs., E. C. NEW YORK: 144 Pearl St.

If you can stand the price, try
'GOODERHAM & WORTS "SPECIAL" WHISKY
ASK ANY CANADIAN



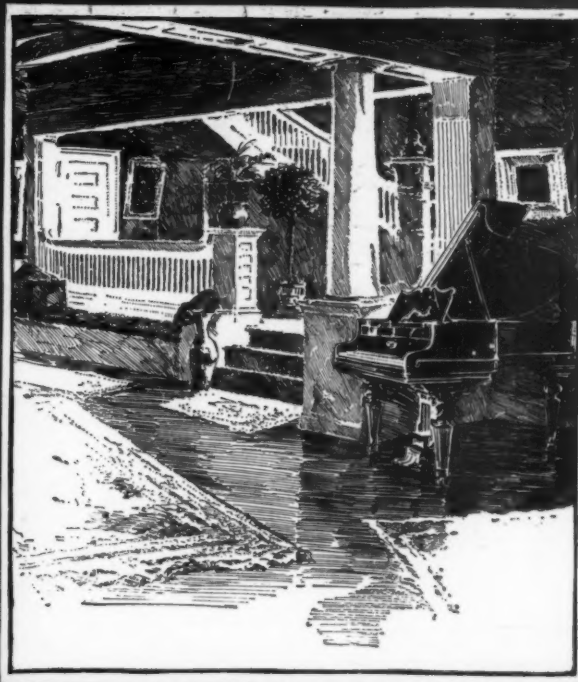
than ever. For the man afraid of fresh air was Robert E. Peary, sometime civil engineer in the service of Uncle Sam, but better known to his publishers as an arctic explorer whose dashes to the Pole have not been all in vain.

Browning—James

"GOD knows what I mean," said Robert Browning, reverently, apropos of certain so-called obscurities in his poems. Gossip has it that another enemy of the obvious, Mr. Henry James, has been surprised in moments of semiprivacy into echoing that exclamation—but with a difference in inflection and emphasis which we are confident our discerning readers can easily supply for themselves without the aid of italics.

Mæcenas Welches

IT USED to be believed that President Roosevelt, along with his trades of ranchman, politician, warrior and author, had a benevolent desire to protect poor young writers. He made Edward Arlington Robinson a collector of customs, because he liked his verse. He showed a kindly attitude toward the writers of Irish legends. But now that he has attacked Long, Thompson-Seton-Thompson and Charles G. D. Roberts as untruthful writers, it may be expected that he will show himself a censor in other fields. It is noticeable that Roosevelt's declaration that these writers were untrustworthy was followed by a statement from the Chief of the United States Biological Survey to the effect that Roosevelt himself ought to be read for the real facts about big game. We may soon expect a statement from John Mitchell that Roosevelt was quite right in his attack on Debs, and that for real information on labor troubles we should see Roosevelt's speeches. The publishers of Roosevelt's works may soon be advertising, "Don't read Harriman's reports on railroad conditions; see Roosevelt." "Don't believe a word in Lawson's 'Friday the Thirteenth.'" For the real method of worrying Wall Street, see Roosevelt's Handbook." "President Roosevelt says that Professors Lounsbury and Matthews are fakers in spelling reform. Roosevelt is the only real authority. See his report." "There is a lamentable ignorance of conditions in New York shown by Samuel Hopkins Adams in his exposures of police graft, and by Edith Wharton in her 'House of Mirth.'" For the real facts see volume 97 of Roosevelt's Correspondence, written while he was Police Commissioner." Finally, we may be told that Professor Lombroso is totally unobservant and unscientific in his discussion of lying as a sign of degeneration. For the truth we must buy the recent "Letters to Railroad Presidents and Other Liars," by Roosevelt!



A DEPARTURE IN TONE PRODUCTION. ¶ Recent experiments in the direction of tone production made by us have resulted in the perfection of a notable Grand Piano, the Style X (next in size larger than the famous Quarter Grand). ¶ It is an instrument of rare and exquisite tone, in which quality and not quantity has been the first consideration. ¶ It is a new departure in modern piano building, and in inviting attention to it we do so with much pride in the success of our efforts.

CHICKERING & SONS, 796 Tremont St., BOSTON
Established 1823 Catalogue upon request

LIFE'S RECORD

Automobile and Auto Accessory Advertising

| | | |
|------|-----------|--------------|
| 1904 | | 20,350 lines |
| 1905 | | 45,378 lines |
| 1906 | | 47,168 lines |

The first six months of 1907 show an increase over the same period in 1906 of over 36 per cent. ¶ If you want to know why LIFE carries so much of this class of business, ask the advertising manager

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-First Street, New York

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

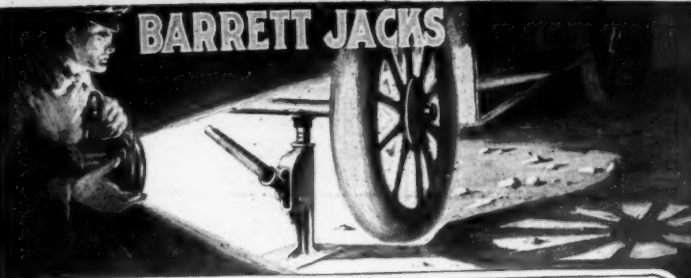
FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



BARRETT JACKS



Trying Circumstances

usually accompany any emergency calling into use an automobile jack. At such times you are in no mood to find your jack out of adjustment so that you have to tinker it into order. If you have a "BARRETT" JACK you can be absolutely sure that it will be ready for quick, effective and safe action at any time. The "Barrett" is the only jack of which this can be truly said—the only jack you can depend upon to safely support your car. You can't afford to save fifty cents or a dollar by purchasing an untrustworthy imitation.

"Barrett" Jacks are furnished by the makers of the leading cars, are sold by the most responsible dealers, or by us direct. Write for catalog.

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Exclusive Makers of "Barrett" Jacks

WORKS: Allegheny, Pa.; Pittsburg, Pa.

26 CORTLANDT STREET, ... NEW YORK

4 Rue Aubert, PARIS. 124 Longacre, LONDON. ANTWERP. MONTREAL

"THE JACK THAT DUFF BUILDS"

GENTLEMEN

Who dress for style, neatness
and comfort wear the improved

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD

The Name is
stamped on every
loop—
The

Velvet Grip

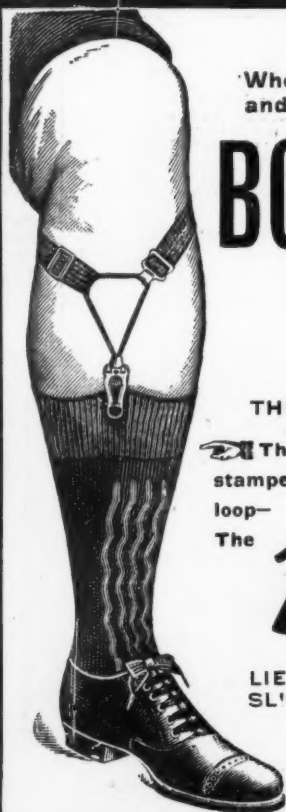
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY



COMPARE "RUBBERSET" SHAVING BRUSHES



with the brush you have been
cussing ever since you bought it,
because the bristle is set in cement
and falls out.

"Rubberset"
TRADE MARK
SHAVING BRUSHES

are different, as the bristle is vulcanized right in

HARD RUBBER
and they can't come out.

You can soak them, boil them, do what you will with them
and they will remain intact.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK

and you will be sure of getting a brush that is made for
discriminating and particular men.

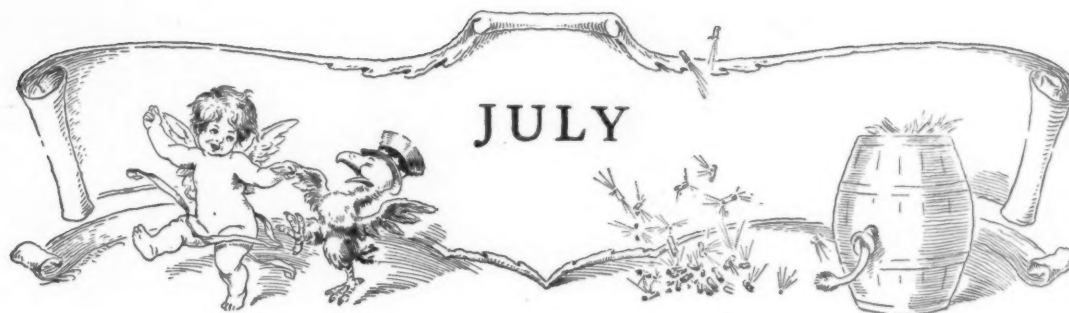
Send for booklet showing many styles
and sizes for 25 cents to \$6.00 each.

Sold by dealers or sent by us postpaid upon receipt of price.

MADE ONLY BY

The RUBBERSET BRUSH CO., 58 Ferry St., Newark, N.J.

LIFE



Our National Anthem

(As it is usually sung by the patriotic public)

I

O-OH say, can you see by the dawn zurly light
Whatso prow dleewe hail dat the la-la-la gleaming?
Who sbraw stri psan bri stah sroo the perilous night
O'er the la-la-la-la were so gal-lan-tee strea-ming.
And the rah-ket's red (silence, save for a few tenors) bur-stingin air
La-la through the nigh t-that our fla gwah still there.

Oh, say does tha-at stah-spang-le ba-a-ner-er ye-et wa-ay
O'er the la-an of the freeeee, an the ho-oh mof thuh bray?

II

On that shore la-la-la; lala-la-la-la-la
La-la-doo-dull-die-day, doodle-day-dee-die-doo-dull?
Lala-la-la-la-la; lala-la-la-la-la?
La-la-la (etc. for three lines; then all together)
Tizz thuh stah-bang-le-spanner, oh, law-aw may-ay-yit wa-ay
Oh the la-an doff the freeeee, an the ho-oh moff thu bray.

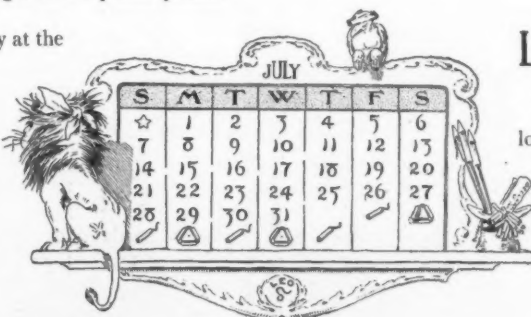
(Remaining stanzas by the band, with spasms from the patriots.)
Rupert Hughes.

An Open Letter

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT:

Dear Sir—If you have time, will you kindly correspond publicly with the following people:

- The man who gives a tip on the market;
- The man who takes a lighted cigar into a public passenger car;
- The woman who uses perfumery at the theatre;
- The woman who jounces her baby up and down on ferry boats;
- The author who recites from his own works;
- The man who tells you about his trip to Europe;
- The college graduate who talks philosophy?



Fourth of July Resolutions

(By a small boy)

TO GET up as early as possible.
To annoy the neighbors as much as possible.
To make all the noise I can.
To eat as much ice-cream as I can hold.
To escape death if possible.
To play tricks on others—especially timid old ladies.
Why do I do this?
Because pa says he wants me to be a patriotic American.

Arrest the Smoky Automobiles

Recent dispatches from Paris say that the laws requiring automobilists to prevent their cars from emitting obnoxious odors have been so successful that automobiles will be admitted to the Fête of Flowers in the Bois de Boulogne this year.—*Daily Paper.*

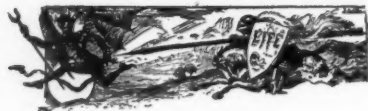
It is chiefly to a too indiscriminate use of cylinder oil that the presence of smoke and smells about a car is due. Whenever you see a cloud of smoke following a car, you may be sure that too much cylinder oil is being used.—*Joe Tracy, racing chauffeur, as quoted in the New York Evening Post.*

WHAT has been done in Paris can be done in New York as soon as the proper authorities wake up to the need of doing it. The foul nuisance of automobile smoke is entirely unnecessary, and is due to indifference or incompetence on the part of the chauffeur. Whenever the police get orders to arrest the drivers of the smoking automobiles, automobiles will cease to leave trails of foul-smelling smoke in the streets and parks of New York.

Discredited

LITTLE ELLA: I'm never going to Holland when I grow up.
GOVERNESS: Why not?
"Cause our geography says it's a low, lying country."

THE loss of Eden may be attributed to a pomological cause—a green pair and a red apple.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. L. JULY 4, 1907. No. 1288.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE weather has improved. There have been convincing signs of the presence of summer and increased confidence prevails that there will be crops this year much as usual. But stocks are very low and if any one looks cross at them they droop under it. Folks who own them don't want any more, and people who might own them but do not are very chary about taking the chances of ownership and incurring its responsibilities. One large general reason for this offishness among investors and despondency among holders is the feeling that the security of property in railroads and corporations has been impaired. Men won't put money into shares the earning capacity of which is liable to be disfigured overnight by a distant State legislature, acting without investigation of the business it meddles with, and without regard to the interests of investors who have put their money into it. Supervision of railroads there had to be, but between the enthusiasm with which the Federal Government has undertaken that work and the zeal with which the States have rushed into the same field the job is being very seriously overdone. Bleeding is the universal prescription for the disease of business. All the doctors, Federal and State, prescribe it, and they are all competent to enforce the prescription. It is not surprising that anxiety is felt about the patient. The price of stocks is the measure of that anxiety. So little control of the railroads has been left to their stockholders and officers, and so much uncertainty is felt about the future profits of the railroad business, that the credit of the roads has been very seri-

ously impaired. Mr. J. J. Hill does not talk unreasonably when he says that the railroads, as things are going, will not be able to raise the money to make the extensions that the business of the country demands, and that unless the roads can get a better chance for independent life the Government will have to buy them.



THE gist of the matter is that the pendulum has swung about far enough one way, and that it is time it began to swing back. The immediate problem about the railroads is how to keep the States from cutting their throats. It is a mighty difficult problem; for the State legislatures, having discovered that they can do almost anything they like to the railroads within their boundaries, are heartily disposed to use their powers. And there is nothing in sight that can stop them, except the local public opinion to which they are subject. So far as yet appears a State legislature can legally make such interstate rates, both for passengers and for freight, as amounts practically to confiscation of railroad property. That will not be done in New York while Governor Hughes is Governor; but something very like it has been done in other States.

Most of the railroads would prefer, since they must be regulated, to have all the regulating done by one tribunal, and that the most responsible obtainable. Since they are bound to be supervised, anyway, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, most of them would prefer to have that body undertake the whole work. That would mean giving all railroad control to the Federal Government, and that brings up the whole question of State sovereignty, and the nice division of powers under the Constitution in accordance with which the country has hitherto been governed.



ALL this makes a difficult tangle, as to the untangling of which all one can safely say is that it is going to be untangled. It is not going to be suddenly impossible for railroads and other cor-

porations to flourish in the United States. The Federal Government is not going to take over the railroads, though it is going to do more or less regulating of interstate commerce. The States are not going to give up their control of local railroad concerns, but they are going to exercise it with forbearance and discretion. They must, and they will quickly find out that they must.

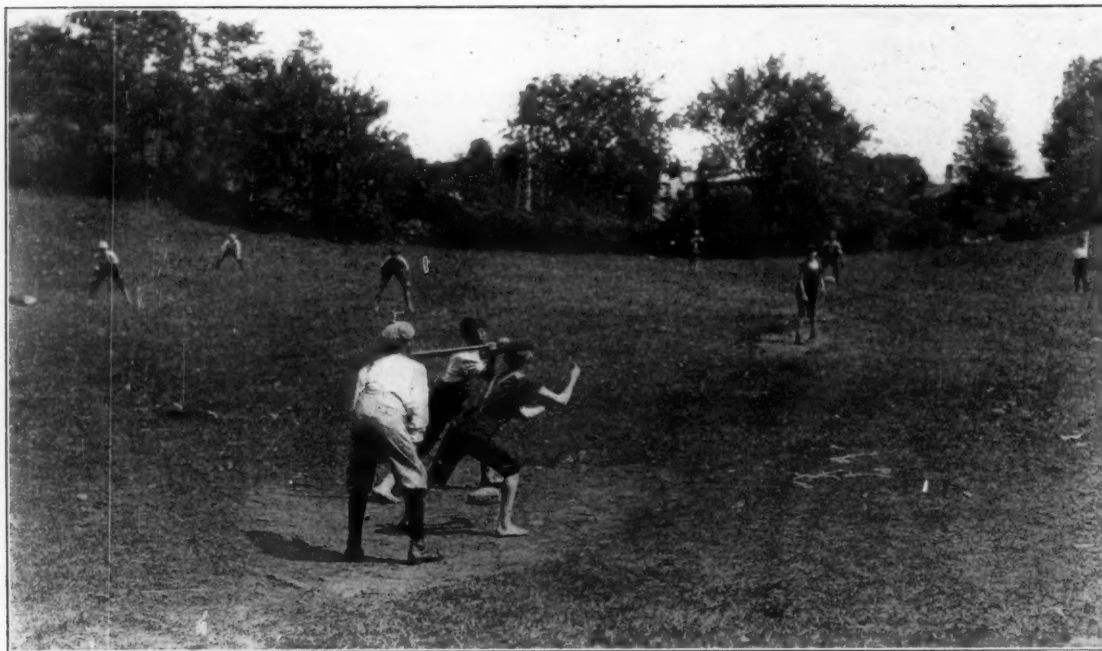
But how quickly? That is an important question. The pendulum must swing back. Probably it has already begun to do so. Public attention has been constantly directed for several years past to the wrongs committed by the great corporations. That it should be so directed was superlatively necessary, and exceedingly salutary and valuable results have ensued. Very important reforms have been started, and will be carried out more or less efficiently, and the problems that grow out of them will somehow be solved. But public opinion once thoroughly put in motion in any new direction tends inevitably to go too far, and it is going too far in this case.



IT IS high time now that the public mind should be directed to the rights of property and to the fact that security of property is indispensably necessary to public prosperity. The railroads and the corporations have needed discipline, and they have had it, but they cannot be looted or subjected to unwise interference or unjust legislation without disastrous consequences which everybody will share. The conservation of business prosperity is the chief need of the present hour, not at any cost of justice or fair dealing, but by the conscientious and dispassionate promotion of both. It is time, for example, that the ten-cent magazines made such effective disclosure as is possible to them of the awful trials of the working railroad men, who are trying to do business in accordance with a multiplicity of new laws and regulations, not yet interpreted by courts or commissioners, and often in conflict with one another. We hear only rumors of the sufferings of these railroad men. If their case was more fully disclosed and better understood they would get some of the sympathy that they deserve.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH



BASEBALL AT LIFE'S FRESH AIR FARM

Our Fresh Air Fund

OWING to a typographical error in the statement of the Fresh Air Fund in the first numbers of our issue of June 27 the balance on hand September, 1906, was made to read 1905. This error was corrected in the last half of the edition.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$2,599 93 |
| Edward M. Jewett..... | 10 00 |
| J. Schüllinger..... | 5 00 |
| Emily H. Cowperthwait..... | 5 00 |
| C. A. Dolan..... | 100 00 |
| C. H. Hyams..... | 25 00 |
| "Boy's Brotherhood"..... | 6 00 |
| Arthur M. Day..... | 20 00 |
| "K. A. S."..... | 3 00 |
| "Lois, Beatrice, Elizabeth and Polly"..... | 3 00 |
| Mrs. Howard W. Henry..... | 10 00 |
| "Robin and Jehane"..... | 5 00 |
| Melbert B. Cary..... | 50 00 |
| O. D. Duncan..... | 5 00 |
| E. A. Caswell..... | 5 00 |
| A. W. Small..... | 2 00 |
| F. B. Williams..... | 5 00 |
| John Greenough..... | 100 00 |
| "Vista Vasta"..... | 100 00 |
| J. Bowers Lee..... | 10 00 |
| Josephine Gillespie..... | 5 00 |
| Mrs. E. M. Mastin..... | 6 00 |
| Mrs. J. W. Howard..... | 5 00 |
| Miss Rosamund Kershaw..... | 6 00 |
| Theodore L. Bogert..... | 25 00 |
| "C. R. S."..... | 15 00 |
| Total..... | \$3,040 93 |

Our Fresh Air Farm

LIFE'S FARM has now an unlimited volume of the purest water, supplied from the brook by a Fairbanks, Morse & Co. engine and pump, with a capacity of from 1,200 to 1,600 gallons per hour, de-

livered and set up at a considerable reduction from the usual price, and gratefully received.

Acknowledged with Thanks

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| WASHBURN-CROSBY COMPANY: | 1 barrel Gold Medal Flour. |
| H. J. HEINZ COMPANY: | 1 case mustard. |
| | 2 10-pound crocks apple butter. |
| | 1 5-gallon pail sweet gherkins. |
| | 1 case currant jelly. |
| | 1 case baked beans. |
| | 1 case Mandalay Sauce. |
| | 1 case large beans. |
| | 1 case India Relish. |
| BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY: | 10 cases large Eric Beef. |
| | 5 cases Eric Brand Chipped Beef. |
| MESSRS. CHATLAND & LENHART: | 3 barrels Brownsville Water Crackers. |
| | (This makes 120 barrels donated to the Farm by Messrs. Chatland & Lenhart.) |
| DAVIS & LAWRENCE COMPANY: | Painkiller. |
| | Allen's Lung Balsam. |
| | Weaver's Cerate. |
| MRS. J. A. SWAN: | 12 gingham dresses. |
| | 24 pairs drawers. |
| | 12 waists. |
| | 6 nightgowns. |

A Set-Back

FIRST MISSIONARY: What became of those five souls you converted?
SECOND MISSIONARY: They've gone to take the Keeley cure.

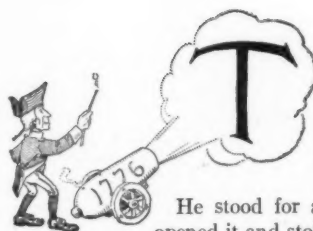
"DO YOU believe in a hereafter?"
"Why should I? I can't even believe in the present."



THE FERRIS WHEEL ON THE FOURTH
"START HER UP, ENGINEER; ALL HANDS ARE ON BOARD"

Her Dog

A Fourth of July Story with a Moral Attached to the End of It



THE Boy had gotten up very early in the morning, paying his yearly tribute to the God of Noise.

Then there had come a lull at breakfast time.

Now he was ready for the fray again.

He stood for a moment outside the stable-door, then opened it and stole inside.

There, in one corner of the harness closet, was a box—a box that had been broken into, but still contained vast treasures of noise. The Boy stooped down, prepared to examine its contents more carefully. His eyes gloated over it.

Henry, the coachman, was busy at the other end of the stable, washing a runabout.

From the outside world came that intermittent explosive unevenness denoting the usual American Fourth of July in full blast—distant cracklings, a brief silence, loud reports—and the pervading essence of smoke.

Suddenly, as the Boy stood up, there were shoutings outside, accompanied by brisk artillery. The shoutings came nearer; and then, swiftly, a bedraggled-looking dog, with the remains of a bunch of firecrackers tied to his tail, burst through the door. He dashed past Henry, and suddenly, in his terror, seeing the Boy, he stopped short, whined pitifully, and dragged his belly on the stone floor, cringing before his new friend.

The Boy reached down and patted him. He put his arms about the dog's neck and drew the trembling animal to him. Then he cut off the strings that hung to his tail.

"He's scared stiff," said the Boy. "I guess it must be that High Street gang. Yes, it is," he added, as he looked through the window. "There they go now."

The dog continued to tremble.

"Gun-shy," said Henry, gazing at him, as he turned off the water.

"What's gun-shy?" asked the Boy.

"That's the way some dogs is," said Henry, "mortal afraid of a gun. Born so. The boys sized him up. He's no good," he continued, looking at the dog.

That animal, as if in reply, clung to the Boy. He was indeed bursting with love and affection, and the Boy being the first person who had responded, he promptly overdid his demonstration. His eyes, mute with a wonderful confidence, glanced up at the Boy in trusting appeal.

"You go lie down," said the Boy, motioning him into a far corner.

The dog obeyed. But the moment the Boy moved toward the box of firecrackers the dog was after him again.

The Boy looked out of the window. The High Street gang had disappeared.

Then he raised his hand and motioned the dog away.

"Get out," he threatened.

The unwelcome animal was not to be put out so easily, especially as certain loud reports in the near distance only caused him to tremble more violently. Instead of obeying, he ran toward the Boy. He lay at his feet, panting with excitement.

Then the Boy did something that was natural. For, after all, he was only a boy. He took a firecracker out of his pocket, deliberately lighted it and threw it down on the floor. There was instantly a loud report.

The dog jumped as if shot. But not away from the perpetrator. Instead, he only drew closer. That boy had been kind to him. The world might come to an end, but down in the depths of his dog heart he was going to believe only the best of his benefactor.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Boy to the coachman, in a voice where perhaps a slight note of apology for his act could be detected, "I'll just lock him in one of the stalls and he can stay there."

The coachman nodded his approval. So the Boy dragged the dog into an empty stall and rolled the gate shut. Then, filling his arms with firecrackers, the Boy went out in front.

He fired them off steadily for five or ten minutes.

He had started out to have a quiet, noisy Fourth, all to himself. His father, who was indulgent, had furnished him the means, and he was producing astonishing results.

Alone and unaided—for somehow every boy on the Fourth is so absorbed that he becomes independent of all companionship—he was going a long way toward making his house the noisiest one in the neighborhood.

A girl came walking hastily down the street, as fast as her bare feet permitted. She had on a long, dingy, soiled, beltless dress. Her hair was tousled. The tears had made channels in her cheeks. Her anxiety had so encompassed her as to make her forget that she was now in another environment, quite different from the one she had just left; hence, she felt no embarrassment.



SUGGESTION FOR A SAFE FOURTH OF JULY FOR THE CHILDREN



INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE AT JAMESTOWN

"Have you seen my dog?"

The Boy paused, punk in hand. He nodded.

"Was he a thin, black dog, with long ears, about so high?"

"Yep. That's him."

The Boy motioned back to the stable.

"He's in there. He's gun-shy," he added, significantly, this sporting term having impressed itself upon him.

The Girl started forward. Consciousness was returning to her.

"Could I get him, sir?" she stammered.

"Certainly."

The Boy led the way to the stables, the Girl timidly following. Mentally, she was wedged between two emotions—her love for the dog, and her shame over having suddenly plunged into this superior world.

The stable-door was rolled back. The dog sprang forward, almost knocking down his mistress.

"Better look out for him," said the Boy. "That gang'll get him again. You're from High Street, aren't you?" he asked the girl pointblank.

"Yes, sir."

"They tied a bunch of crackers to his tail. They're a bad lot."

The Boy said this in a reminiscent tone. He had had experiences.

"Yes, sir."

"If you take him back with you, they'll—they'll"—

"Yes, sir."

The Boy was decisive.

"Now here," he said, "you just let me keep that dog for you. He'll be all right in this stall. And he'll be *safe*. I'll feed him. And they can't touch him in here. The Fourth will be over to-morrow"—this with a slight touch of regret—"and you can come around to-morrow morning and get him. We'll look out for him."

The Girl couldn't express herself. She was not used to polite society. But she looked the favor done her. Her eyes showed her appreciation of this chivalrous act from the trimly dressed little knight who stood before her.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "I'll come back in the morning." Then she pushed the dog back into the stall, while the Boy rolled the door.

In a moment she had vanished down the street.

* * *

She came back promptly the next morning. This time she was neat and clean. She had prepared herself beforehand.

There was an automobile in front of the door. On one side of it, just by the step, there was painted a tiny red cross.

The Girl rang the bell somewhat timidly.

There were two men inside in the hall; one of them was the doctor, the other the Boy's father.

"It's a toss-up," said the doctor, sententiously, "as to whether he will lose his eye or not. We can't tell for a week. I've always maintained," he added, "that firecrackers were useless and dangerous."

The Boy's father groaned. Then he opened the door.

"What is it, little girl?"

"I came for my dog, sir."

"Oh, yes."

The Boy's father gazed at her pathetically.

"Very well," he replied. "My son cannot see you. But



"MAMMA, DEAR! I DO WISH I WAS A BOY—DO YOU THINK IT'S TOO LATE?"

I know about it. He told us. You go out to the stable, ask for Henry, the coachman, and he will give you back your dog."

Then he turned to the doctor, while the Girl disappeared.

"That's the girl whose dog Bobbie took care of," he said.

The doctor put his hands on the other man's shoulder. Perhaps, for a doctor, he was more blunt than he should have been. But a good doctor is often too blunt.

"Just think, old man," he said, "that boy of yours was more careful of that strange dog than you were of him."

T. L. M.

The Usual Ending

SING a song of Harriman,
Pockets full of stocks,
Four and twenty railroads
Stripped of all their rocks.

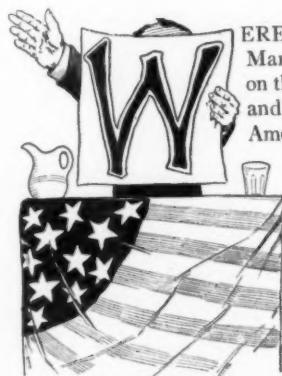
When the scandal ended—
No one else to rob,
We had the discredit,
Harriman—his job.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

In its issue of July 10, 1902, LIFE published this picture, and repeated it in the issue of May 18, 1905. It is not a pleasant subject, but unfortunately its truth has been demonstrated in so many cases since these dates that this year we are republishing it again for the benefit of our readers.

The Red Flag of the Fourth



HERE the gentleman from Mars to arrive in town on the "glorious Fourth" and see the emblem of American liberty flung to the breeze from every vantage point, and hear the deafening din of cannon-crackers, torpedoes and the like, supplemented by the continuous clang of ambulances, patrol

wagons and fire engines running hither and thither, he would wonder what, in the name of Czar Nicholas, possessed us.

At the risk of incurring the ill-will of young, but thoughtless, America, who are being taught to remember only the shot and shell, the blood and scars, instead of the glorious sentiments of the American

Revolution; at the risk of displeasing the creditors of that large and struggling army composing the medical profession, as well as the undertakers, who do a land-office business after the Fourth of July; at the risk of displeasing those fond, conventional parents of the land who insist that their Willie or little Mary shall have as large cannon-crackers and skyrockets as the children across the street; at the risk of incurring the enmity of the purveyors of surgical instruments, court-plaster, liniment, arnica and bandages; yea, even at the risk of disturbing business conditions by curtailing the great profits of a large number of our tradesmen who make a big annual haul on the sale of fireworks; at the risk of all this, and yet with the purest of motives, I fain would haul down the red flag of our modern Fourth of July and, in its place, run up the flag of peace, quietude, rest, contentment and personal safety.

Tell the gentleman from Mars to use this data in writing an essay on the American flag and he would probably produce something like the following:

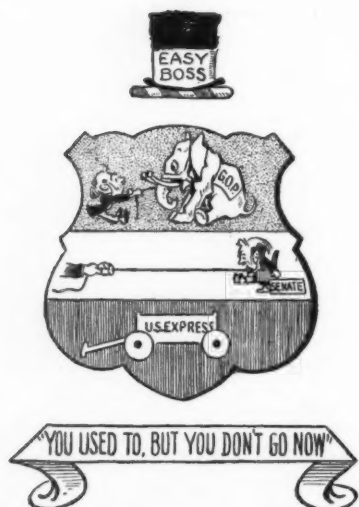
"The American flag is called the 'scars and stripes,' significant of the great Fourth. The white and red stripes denote respectively the bandages before and after being used on the wounds of maimed and injured children. The stars stand for the scars received and the number represents the average number received by each child. The blue background has a dual meaning, denoting, first, the curse-laden air surrounding torpedo-bombarded street railway passengers and drivers of nervous horses; and, second, it denotes hands raised to the azure dome of heaven in supplication that the child will be spared."

And the gentleman from Mars would not be very far off.

On the other hand, what's the use?
Ellis O. Jones.

Who's What

In and Out of America



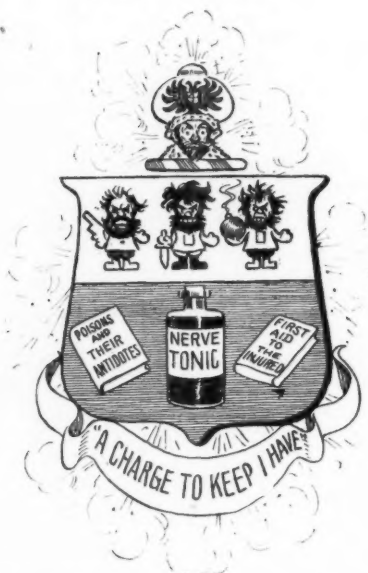
Platt, T. C. Having outlived his uselessness in New York State, this gentleman is now a member of the United States Senate, dividing the dishonor with Chauncey M. Depew. He was born in New York for certain express purposes, and although this happened several years ago the State has not fully recovered from the shock. For years he passed a great deal of time and money in Albany, and leading the Republican party from the devil to the deep sea left it to the tender mercies of Odell. From thence it shall rise from the dead if there is any virtue in Hughes. Mr. Platt's principal occupation is drawing dividends and regretting the past. Author of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Senate and I Are Out" and "So Boss." Toast, "Success to Crime." Favorite mottoes: "Count no man happy until he's dead," and "You used to, but you don't go now." Address, Hall of Fame, side entrance.

Mind Reader Tillman

SENATOR BENTILLMAN is a mind reader. He says:

Mr. Roosevelt is very anxious to be President again and will be a candidate if he can so manipulate the situation as to make the proposition come in accordance with his ideas as to how it should be brought about.

Perhaps, on the whole, it is the part of wisdom for Senator Tillman to disclose his mind about Colonel Roosevelt before the Colonel becomes an inmate of the Senate.



Nicholas III. A young man in reduced circumstances whose career bids fair to be cut short by a lot of ignorant people who are beginning to believe that they have some rights—a mistaken notion sometimes held by those who are laboring under the delusion that all men are born free and equal. This young man is, therefore, standing between a long and checkered pedigree and a toboggan, with all the chances in favor of the toboggan. His principal occupation is dodging bombs. His favorite flower is the carnation. His favorite hymn is "A Charge to Keep I Have," and his favorite drink is Siberian punch. Author of "Bear-Baiting," "A Step Too Far," "The Exiles," etc.

All Serene

"**ANY** accidents in your motor trip through Italy and France, Morgan?"

"Nothing worth mentioning. My wife was thrown out and bruised a bit, but the machine never got so much as a scratch."

Revised Version

"**WHERE** are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-sterilizing, sir," she said.



Lawson, Thomas. One of the most famous writers of fiction in the world; also prophet and foreteller of future events. This gentleman predicted the famous Equitable earthquake, first called attention to "The Great Divide," and foretold the reputation disaster of 1906. He was born in the Pie Belt, and early became engaged in the lemon industry, handing them out to every one in reach. He is said to have the finest collection of paper mines in the world. He is very systematic, alternating missionary work with that of three-card monte. He can be implicitly believed half the time—which half, he alone knows. He is the author of "The Conspirators," "The Three of Us," "His Majesty Myself," and "The Glorious Trinity." Address, care the Standard Oil Company.



"**HOW** IS IT YOU HAVE NO FEATHERS ON YOUR HEAD?"

"I WAS SO POPULAR WITH THE LADIES, I GAVE THEM ALL AWAY AS SOUVENIRS."



HARRISON

THE ORIGINAL JULY FOURTH

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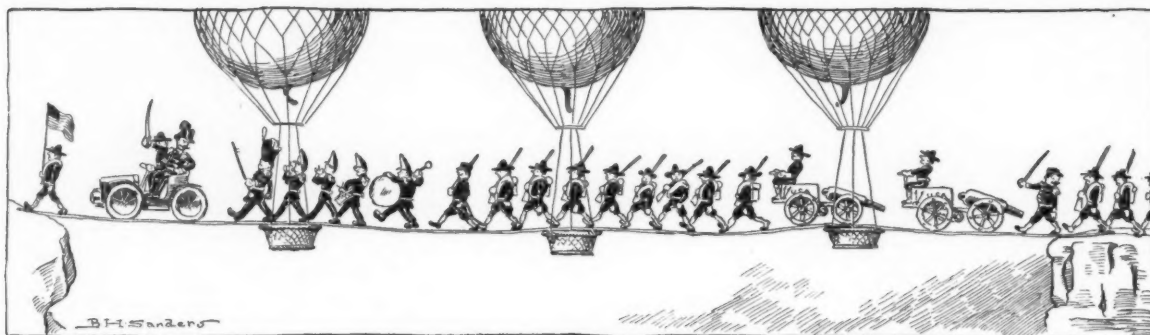


LIFE.



WM. BALFOUR-KER

♡ S \$



IN OUR NEXT WAR
A BALLOON PONTOON

To Perilla in Motor-Goggles

EGAD, Perilla dear, I fondly swear
You do right well those spectacles to wear!
Such wondrous, sparkling jewels as your eyes,
That seem like sapphires flashed from Paradise,
'Twere well to keep protected from the glance
Of those whose ways lie on the walks of chance.

The lapidary when he would display
His handicraft in full light of the day—
Does he not this same cautious plan employ
To screen from ruder hands that might annoy
The jewel he hath fashioned wondrously
From out the gems of Ind and Kimberley?

Do not the fashioners of beauteous things,
Lest some most choice possession gather wings
And fly to scenes unknown, by fate rude-tossed,
Or shattered past repair, forever lost,
Protect them from the touch that's mean and base
By placing them within a crystal case?

And best of all, Perilla dear, when snow
Is on the mountain-top, and vale below,
What sweeter thing to ease our chill regret
Is there than that rare, modest violet
That, heedless of the storm that sweeps the pass,
In fragrance blooms beneath the warming glass?

Aye, let them rest behind those goggles twain,
Beyond the reach of aught to give them pain,

Like jewels in the lapidary's care;
Like dainty bits of artistry so rare
To merely touch them seems the vandal's part—
Or winter's violets that warm the frozen heart!
John Kendrick Bangs.

The Comedy of Conventions

WHAT a pilgrimage was to the medieval sinner, a convention is to the saint or sinner of to-day. Men have always mistrusted the theory of amusement, and have convinced themselves without much trouble that their jaunting was for the good of their souls, or for the benefit of humanity. The gregariousness of the human animal prompts him to move in squadrons and to cheerfully

endure the discomforts and stupidities which are the twin adjuncts of a crowd.

Every year the conventions grow bigger and more varied. Doctors leave their patients to die without their impelling hand, while they read papers to any other doctors who can be persuaded to listen. Mothers abandon their families in order to teach other mothers the sacred duties of maternity. Humanitarians travel hundreds of miles to dispute with other humanitarians as to the best ways of badgering the poor. The citizens of Seattle come to enlighten the citizens of Boston, and the citizens of Boston carry their weight of wisdom to the benighted residents of Chicago. Everywhere over the face of the country march the pioneers of progress, cheerfully imparting what they don't know to the world.

There is an element of heroism in this laborious play, and in the splendid indifference to seasons and to climates which is its distinguishing feature. The Elks, who have come by the thousands and the tens of thousands to Philadelphia in the middle of July, are braving hardships compared to which rough-riding was a pastime. They have a court of honor on Broad Street, and plaster-of-Paris pillars as big as Admiral Dewey's, and a wealth of complimentary transparencies; but when we read that one delegation sleeps on a train of side-tracked Pullman cars we feel that even such tributes can come dear. Pullman cars sidetracked in July carry with them a suggestion of horror from which the bravest shrink.
Agnes Repplier.



"DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO BAD LITTLE BOYS WHO SMOKE?"
"SURE—NUTHIN' LIKE AS BAD AS WHAT HAPPENS TO good LITTLE BOYS WHAT SMOKE."

The Snob of the Flower Garden

OH, GORGEOUS sunflower, from thy lofty stalk,
Precedence claiming o'er the lovely rose
And other rivals of the garden walk,
How very human is thy scornful pose.

To imitate what thou canst ne'er attain,
To seem what thou art not, appears thy vaunt;

Oh, sunlike form, of yellow radiants vain,
Thou art withal a garish sycophant.

Thou turnest ever towards the rising sun,
Light, fickle parasite of coming power,
Forgetful of the sun whose day is done,
The day that made of thee so proud a flower.

Thy golden livery is indeed so gay,
Although thy heart dark groweth at the core,

That while admiring one is fain to say,
Wert thou less human I could love thee more.
S. G. W. Benjamin.

CIVILIZATION



THE spirit of modern progress one day called up a human being, and said to him: "I perceive that you are discontented with your life. You long for things beyond your power. Tell me, now what it is that will make you happy, and I will give it to you."

The human being stopped a moment to reflect before he replied: "If you have such a wonderful power at your command, then make my life more comfortable, for I am weary of it."

"You ask what is easy," replied the spirit, and thereupon he gave the human being beautiful cities, with streets that were sometimes clean, and police departments that were occasionally efficient. He gave him handsome houses with modern plumbing and electric lights, and a thousand other things that made life comfortable.

"Now," said the spirit, "do you wish for anything more, for you have but to ask and I will give it to you?"

"I should wish," replied the human being, "that my business life were more comfortable."

"That, too, is easy," answered the spirit, and thereupon he gave the human being telephones and telegraphs, railroads and steamships. He also gave him Wall Street.

And after this, the human being asked that his pleasures be made more comfortable, and thereupon the spirit gave him fireproof (?) theatres and comic operas, automobiles and yachts. Likewise, he gave him Coney Island.

Then again the spirit asked: "Do you still desire more?" and the human being replied: "Yes; make my religion more comfortable."

"That is simplicity itself," answered the spirit, and thereupon he gave the human being magnificent churches, good preachers, and twenty-minute sermons.

"And, now," asked the spirit, "are you satisfied at last? Or is there something yet lacking to your happiness?"

"Yes," answered the human being, "my conscience troubles me. Make that comfortable."

"That is the easiest thing of all," said the spirit, and thereupon he did away with the personal devil, and gave the human being an easy-going God and a hell that made a comfortable winter resort.

At that the human being fell back into his easy-chair and remarked: "Really, my dear spirit, you have made religion so comfortable that it is almost worth while," and he buried himself in the Sunday newspaper.

As for the spirit, he began to float out of the window.

"Where are you going?" asked the human being.

"To see my father," said the spirit.

"He is dying."

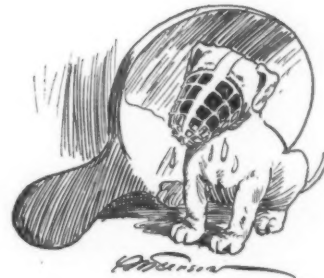
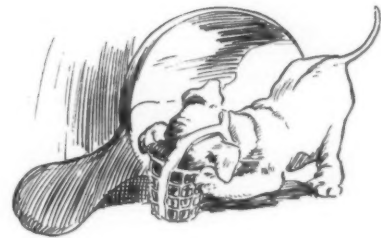
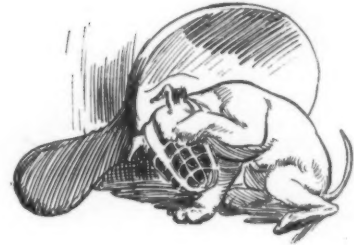
"And who is your father?"

"The spirit of Puritanism," replied the spirit of modern progress.

Etiquette

IN APPROACHING Heaven for the first time, many uncultivated people betray vulgar signs of excitement. Nothing, it must be remembered, betrays a more certain lack of breeding. It is permissible to raise the eyebrows slightly at the golden gates, and a few well-chosen words of pleasure may be repeated to St. Peter as he receives one, such as "Awfully glad to see you," or "Much pleased, I'm sure." Anything more than the

WHY HE WAS MUZZLED



well-modulated social note, however, is very bad form. Once inside one may raise one's lorgnette and gaze pleasantly around.

Supense

"WHEN do they expect to be married?"

"As soon as he can become reconciled to the idea of living beyond their income."

Life's Little Problems

(See opposite page)

AN ELDERLY man and a woman of middle age sat together at a wedding reception and viewed with interest the gay and picturesque scene before their eyes. They had withdrawn a little from the moving throng about them, having taken their seats in a small alcove, and thus they were enabled to continue an uninterrupted conversation.

"Is she not charming?" said the woman, indicating the bride, who stood among her friends a shimmering vision of satin and lace and orange-blossoms, "and the bridegroom's face is shining with happiness. It does my heart good to see so estimable a young man finally marry the girl of his choice. He has long endeavored to win her."

"If you will permit an impertinence from an old friend," returned the elderly man, "what you really mean is that you admire the young woman for so effectively bringing down her quarry."

The lady raised her lorgnon, and viewed him with cold surprise.

"I do not understand the meaning of your somewhat coarse and vulgar phrases," she answered, stiffly.

"Dear madam, a great student of human nature once affirmed, that given fair opportunities, any woman could marry any man she chose, provided she had not actually a hump."

"Absurd," cried the lady, indignantly. "In an affair of the heart woman is a passive, not an active agent. She accepts love; she does not seek it. Why, who does the wooing? Man. By every accepted standard woman is debarred from seeking attention. If she loves, she must let concealment prey like a worm on her cheek, before she dare voice her affection. A woman who would ask a man to marry her is a disgrace to her sex. No, no; man alone has the right of choice. He roves about the world, and finally when he fancies he has found his soul's affinity, he seeks by every means in his power to win her. I do not think that there is any other view of the question possible."

"I admit," returned the elderly cynic, "that man does the wooing—ostensibly. But woman is the eternal huntress. She does not chase her prey in the open, of course. She knows subtler and far more effective methods. It is a part of her game to foster in man the illusion that he is a lordly and all-conquering creature, who may pick and choose where he will. In order to add interest and to enhance her value, she surrounds herself with mythical difficulties and poses as the unattainable, even while she is planning the details of her trousseau."

The lady shuddered and turned pale. "Your cynicisms amount to blasphemies," she cried, and arose to leave him; "and your accusations against my sex are so monstrous that I refuse to remain longer in your presence."

The old man chuckled, "Because I dare to tell you the truth."

Which was right? The man or the woman? Do you know?

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

An Oration



FELLOW-ALIENS: One hundred and thirty-one years ago to-day was signed that inspired Declaration but for which we might be poor and, perhaps, even upright and respectable citizens [laughter and cries of "No! No!"]; or at the best but commercial rustics engaged in stealing stage-coach franchises from Indian tribes, and prostituting our genius watering livestock or selling candlelight to the farmers of Manhattan, instead of lavishing upon her happy and contented citizens the comforts and luxuries they now enjoy. [Deafening applause.]

Fellow-philanthropists, this is indeed a felicitous occasion. The same hand of patriotism that cast off the yoke of foreign tyranny and oppression, sowed, also, the seeds of financial and corporate power of which we are the humble and grateful harvesters. [Sobs and suppressed cries of "Good! Good!"] Let us be thankful but vigilant; meek, and yet not too lowly; ready at all times to arm ourselves against the enemies of greed and ambition, and as valiant in asserting our independence as were the Fathers in maintaining and defending our right to life, liberty and the pursuit of lucre! Amen and amen.

Walter F. Rice.

IT IS now no longer the Duma. In Russia they call it the Skidooma.

Slaves

NO THOUGHT but what obeys the rigid rule
Of some far off, ancestral molecule.
No act but like a steed, that slow or fast,
Obeys its driver of the ancient past.

"WHAT is he, a Democrat or a Republican?"

"Democrat, I think. At any rate, I know he voted for Roosevelt."



THE GUNPOWDER PLOT



LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

"The lady raised her lorgnon and viewed him with cold surprise"

The LATEST BOOKS

IT SEEMS that King C. Gillette has perfected a plan for bringing Capital and Labor, socialists and single-taxers, Andrew Carnegie, Maxim Gorky, President Roosevelt and Moyer, all into one happy family. Beyond the fact that it is, so to say, to start on the curb as Utopia Consolidated, and end by absorbing the entire stock exchange, the foreign bourses, and the commercial investments of the five continents and the seven seas, it is not at present possible to give particulars. It is always sensible, however, before starting out to set anything right to find out as definitely as possible what is wrong. And this is what Melvin L. Severy, Mr. Gillette's literary mouth-piece, has undertaken in *Gillette's Social Redemption*. He has extracted the pregnant passages from the entire literature of exposure, sorted them, reassembled them, and bound them together with the amalgam of his own comment.

Fanshaw of the Fifth, being, as the subtitle has it, the Memoirs of a Person of Quality, written by Ashton Hilliers, is an autobiographical story so contrived as to give a really interesting description of popular life in eighteenth century England. The supposititious writer of these memoirs had a varied and checkered career, earning his periods of hard knocks, his familiarity with publicans and his falling among thieves; and while the book will hardly hold the interest of a story seeker, it will prove doubly entertaining to those whose curiosity in regard to past conditions needs a deft filip of fiction.

Many years ago, when silver castors were still reckoned among family heirlooms, I remember a crowd of children who, of rainy afternoons, used to compound frightful boluses from the various cruets and dare each other to swallow them. Anna Katherine Green's new story, *The Mayor's Wife*, has brought this fact to mind, for it is assembled after the same method; a dash of every condiment known to the spice chest of detective romance. The elements are skillfully mixed, and the resulting story (although written with that peculiar assumption of elegance which somehow suggests evening dress at four P.M.) should both prick and puzzle the adventurous palates for which it was compounded.

Others, many others let us hope, will prefer the more simple and non-exotic detective stories edited, under the title of *The Truth About the Case*, by Albert Keyzer, from the records of M. F. Goron, ex-chief of the Paris force. They are, comparatively speaking, quiet, day-by-day, matter of fact affairs. They are entertaining because they are curious and not for their ingenuity. They are classable as interesting anecdotes rather than as sensational literature or exciting inventions. And for these very reasons they are almost entitled to rank as novelties.

The two volumes devoted to a historical and descriptive review of *America's Insular Possessions*, by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay, are largely compiled from the author's previously published writings. One volume is devoted to the Philippines and the other to Porto Rico, Guam, Hawaii and Panama. They bring a mass of scattered information into convenient

grouping but their merit lies chiefly in the industry which produced them. The books are handsomely illustrated but weak in good maps.

The stories which Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews has included in a volume called *The Militants* will find many grateful readers. They are, as Mrs. Andrews describes them, stories of certain pastors, soldiers and other fighters in the world, and they breathe an assurance of faith and acceptance of an other-worldly element in daily problems that has disappeared even more completely from fiction than from life. This discrepancy, since they are good stories, gracefully written, insures their welcome.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Gillette's Social Redemption, by Melvin L. Severy. (Herbert B. Turner and Company, Boston.)

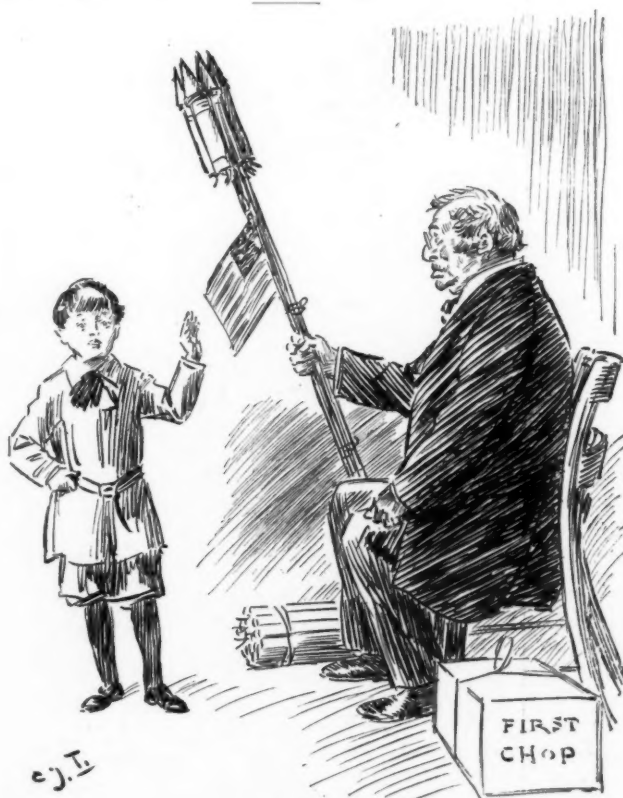
Fanshaw of the Fifth, by Ashton Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The Mayor's Wife, by Anna Katherine Green. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The Truth About the Case, by M. F. Goron. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

America's Insular Possessions, by C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. Two volumes.)

The Militants, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

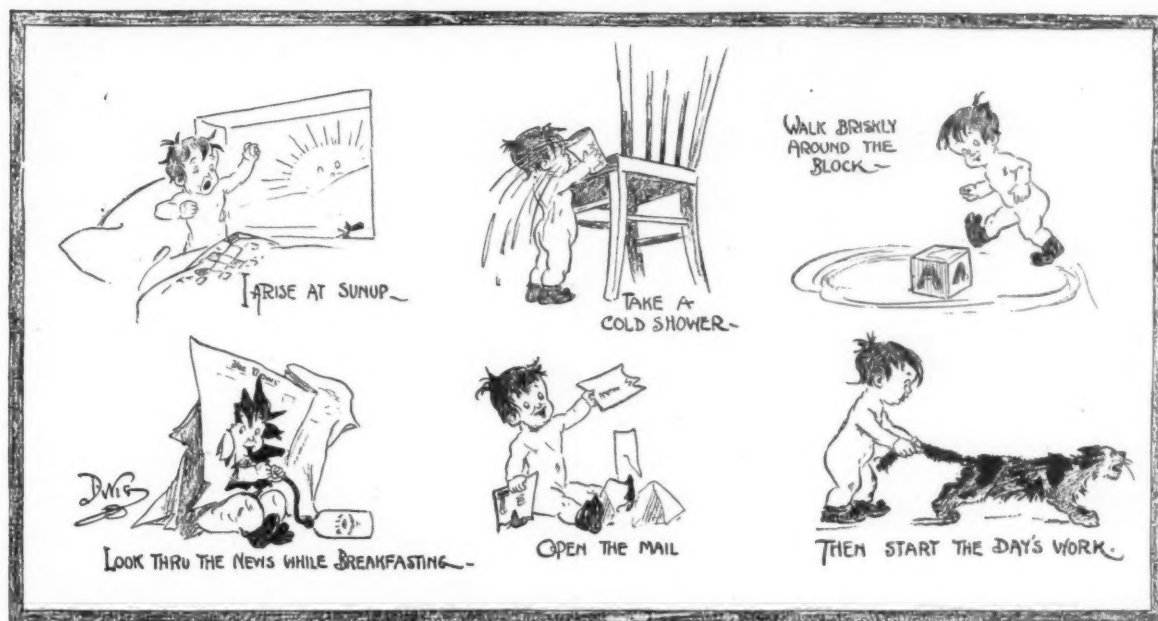


A DECLARATION

"THANK YOU, UNCLE, BUT I'VE GOT BEYOND THOSE THINGS AS A VEHICLE FOR ANY PATRIOTIC EMOTIONS."

"YOU HAVE! MAY I ASK WHAT THE PROPER VEHICLE IS NOW?"

"WELL, A TWENTY-HORSE-POWER RUNABOUT MIGHT DO."



THE STRENUOUS LIFE

An Interrupted Conversation

By Chesterton Todd

THE first part of the conversation that took place between Professor Bunce and his wife is as follows:

(Before this is recorded, however, perhaps it should be stated that the Professor was a very fortunate man. Thinking was his chief occupation. He married a woman who permitted him to do so.)

As he sat uninterruptedly in his study, the sole honored guest within the arena of his own mind, and viewed abstractly the proceedings thereof, only distant echoes of the servant question reached him, and the murmur of his children sounded as the faint reverberation of street noises sometimes sounds to the occupants of a theatre. Other than this, nothing. For years his serenity had been unruffled. His good wife had been a kind of buffer between him and all that domestic discord that is common fruit to most of us. And the Professor took it all as a matter of course. At times he had noticed that Mrs. Bunce was irritable. But with a secret pride in the breadth of his own charity, he had looked upon this philosophically. She was a woman. It was not to be expected that she could, with certain intellectual limitations which the Professor was liberal enough to ignore, reach that harmony that he, and a few others, had reached. In spite of this fact, however, he loved her dearly, and as a relief from his deeper thoughts it was at times a pleasure to relax himself in her society, just when he felt the need of something light and agreeable.

The conversation:

"I think," said the Professor, "that Mrs. Quester, who has

moved in next door to us, is altogether the cleverest woman I have ever met. Glad to have her as a neighbor."

"I don't!" said Mrs. Bunce, decisively. "The cleverest woman I know is little Mrs. Coots, on the other side of us."

The Professor halted his cigarette half way between his knee and his face. "That thing!" he exclaimed. "A doll! A mere doll! The worst bore I know. I sat next to her the other evening. Absolutely no sense of humor. I should judge that at one time she may have wrestled with a common school education—and got the worst of it. She certainly hasn't read anything. An impossible sort of person. Now Mrs. Quester!"

"Nothing of the sort!" fired up Mrs. Bunce, her eyes snapping. "She's a splendid housekeeper! I wish I were as good. She's got good common sense, and she's a dear!"

"Mrs. Quester," continued the Professor, calmly ignoring his wife's outburst, "has thought. She has taken advantage of all the opportunities that exist to-day for all of us—if we have brains enough to grasp them—and the result is that she has a remarkably well-developed mind. She is interested in economics. She has a splendid conception of the political situation, is a master of three languages, a good musician, and a keen student of all social questions. A wonderful woman!"

"Umph! She has evidently been flattering you. She has evidently been telling you how much you know. Men are so eager for this sort of thing. And, my dear, you are no excep-

This story continued on page 32

tion. You think Mrs. Coots stupid just because she doesn't kotow to you mentally, and because *you* don't understand *her*. You think Mrs. Quester clever because she listens to you and has a lot of hairbrained theories. You annoy me with your lack of insight."

The Professor looked at his wife in the utmost amazement. Never before had he heard her talk that way.

"What on earth!" he exclaimed.

"I don't care," snapped Mrs. Bunce. "It's true."

Suddenly she pressed her hand to her side. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Forgive me!" she said. "I am not myself to-day. I think—there is—something—the matter with me."

Her dazed husband looked at her hopelessly. She had always been strong and well. Even with the advent of their children, her admirable foresight had arranged everything so there never seemed anything for the Professor to do. It meant a lot for her to give in.

"You'd better," she gasped, "telephone for the doctor."

The conversation was interrupted at this point. The Professor, utterly at sea and quite helpless in such matters, blindly did as she said.

The doctor came at once.

He knew that when Mrs. Bunce asked to see him for herself, it meant business. She was too busy thinking about others to bother about herself unless it was serious.

In a few moments he had made a rapid but careful examination. In a few moments more he had telephoned for another doctor. In a rather brief interval that gentleman arrived. And to make a long story short, in four short hours Mrs. Bunce was hurried off to the nearest hospital to be operated upon for appendicitis.

The Professor was lost sight of in the excitement. In the pathological programme that had so suddenly been inaugurated, his name did not appear. Shielded from all that was practical for so many years it was not to be expected that now he would be considered. The doctors advised him politely but sternly to wait quietly at home—that he could do no good to come with them; that all would be well; that they were doing this sort of thing all the time; that there was nothing to be anxious about, and that he could do no good anywhere else but where he was.

For some hours he sat mute and distracted in his study. His train of thought had been wrecked. A sort of intellectual atrophy held him spellbound.

He was vaguely aware at times of certain incongruous sounds—sounds different from what he was accustomed to hear. The fact was that the children, those adaptive little creatures, released suddenly from restraint, were having a real good time—in their own way.

While the Professor was arousing himself to this new sensation, the door opened. A dark shadow obtruded itself upon his consciousness. An ebony face that he never remembered to have seen before gazed down calmly at him from out of the paneled perspective. The face was solemn with importunity.

"What will you have for dinner, sah?"

The Professor gazed at his interlocutor curiously.

"Who are you?" he asked, with faint asperity.

"The cook lady, sah."

The Professor had never seen the cook before. He knew, of course, that there was such a functionary. Every well-ordered establishment had one—or ought to. Only the other evening, with the same freshness and virility that he displayed upon one of his archaeological theses, he had discussed—theoretically—the cook question with his new-found friend, Mrs. Quester. They had discussed its sociological aspect with much interest and had arrived at certain unalterable conclusions. Confronted, however, by an actual representative of this domain, the Professor was plainly disconcerted. He shifted in his seat uneasily. A sense of his own responsibility was slowly dawning upon him. Something was required. Something must plainly be done.

"Ah, yes," he muttered. "The dinner, of course. Bless me! Certainly. What have we?"

"Nothing, sah. The madam goes to market every day, but this morning"—

"Oh, yes, of course. Hum. How would some meat do? Yes, meat and potatoes. Potatoes are an unscientific food, I believe. Still, they are extensively used. And some codfish tongues. Yes, I think I would like them."

Once when the Professor had visited Cape Cod, he had had codfish tongues. Now they seemed to pop up in his recollection like a very

monument of gastronomical virtue. He had never had them before or since, but he believed in them firmly. Nothing but codfish tongues seemed to satisfy him.

"What kind of meat, sah?"

"Why, dear me—any kind. Beefsteak, lamb, roast beef; anything you please."

"And what else did you say, sah?"

"Tongues—codfish tongues. They are quite palatable. There should be a sauce with them, if I remember correctly. You can cook them, can you not?"

"No, sah. I don't believe I can."

"Bless me! Well then, omit them from the menu."

"And the children, sah?"

Hopeless with anxiety, the Professor considered. What was good for children? What, taken in large doses—for he relinquished at once the vain hope of controlling their appetites—would do them the least harm? He remembered once having been interested in an analysis of foods—foods that contained the highest percentage of potential energy. He had it!

"Noodles!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

Gradually during the interview the porcelain white of the cook's eyes gleamed more and more. From her standpoint, things were everything but satisfactory. The Professor, on his part, hesitated. He remembered in his talk with Mrs. Quester that the question of the rights of servants had come up and been argued at length. Mrs. Quester claimed that not enough tact was used. Tact! that was it! He would try it at once.

"May I ask you," he said, "what is your name?"

"Martha, sah. I don't know nothing about noodles."

"That's all right, Martha. You don't need to. You have your rights, of course. Now, Martha, I'm going to trust you. Go ahead and cook—anything you please. You're a nice, respectable girl, aren't you?"

The Professor smiled confidentially. He felt that he must establish some kind of a bond between himself and Martha. He was respectable. Everybody knew that. By intimating that she, too, was respectable, it placed her at once in the same class with himself. There was the bond.

But Martha looked at the matter differently. Her eyes gleamed whiter than ever. Some kind of an insinuation had been made against her. She never had been called respectable before.

"I guess I is," she replied savagely. "I guess I's about as respectable as any one round here. I ain't no common servant, I ain't. You give me my money an' I'll go."

In this supreme moment, the Professor's pride did not desert him. Neither did his courage.

"Very well," he said quietly. "How much is it?"

"Twenty dollars."

He handed her the money without a word.

"Go," he exclaimed. "Go—at once!"

Five minutes later, pulling himself together, he descended the stairs to view the remnants of a well-ordered establishment.

The nurse had left the week before. That was what had pulled his wife down—her efforts to get another. The chambermaid had departed early that morning—so the Professor learned from the children, playing blind man's buff in the parlor.

All seemed hopeless.

It was, however, early as yet in the afternoon. Perhaps something could be done. The Professor stopped his ears from the din and tried to collect his thoughts. Suddenly a ray of hope came to him.

There was Mrs. Quester—the cleverest woman he knew. She would help. She would advise. She would save the day. Her superb mind would come to the rescue.

He wasted not a moment. Stepping across the lawn, he rang the bell of the house next door. Was Mrs. Quester at home?

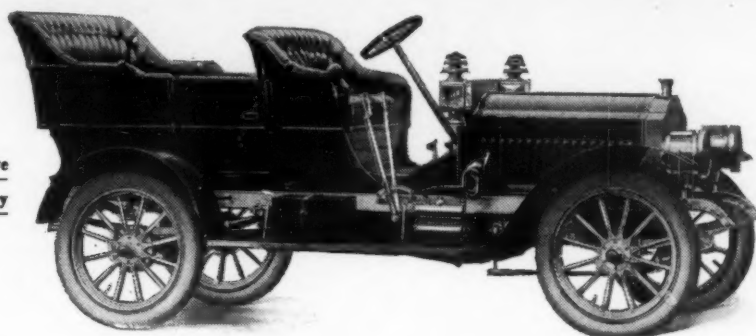
A peculiar looking maid, wiping her hands hurriedly on her apron, informed him in very much disordered English that Mrs. Quester was just going out. Could she be seen? At this moment a charming, cultivated voice answered his question.

"Why, Professor Bunce! so glad to see you. Come right in. Are you in trouble? There have been carriages!"

The Professor explained his dilemma. Mrs. Quester listened in the deepest thought, her face harrowed with the most intense sympathy.

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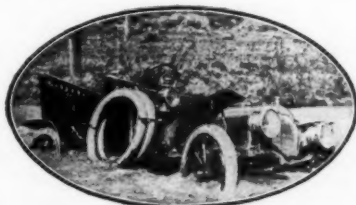
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The contest occurred May 12, at Los Angeles. It was conducted under A. A. A. Rules. The entrants included several of the biggest and most powerful four-cycle cars in the country.

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Car won
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and 5-mile
Contests



The much-used, much-abused Elmore demonstrator not only won—but in twenty minutes after it had reeled off the fif-

tieth mile (most of the others were hors du combat) went back on the track and captured the 5-mile cup; beating with ease its nearest competitor, a \$4000, 50-60 H. P., four-cycle car.

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"You poor man! Of course, I will help you. Come in here and we'll discuss the matter. I have an engagement at the Council Club, but never mind, I'll cancel it."

In spite of his protestations she insisted upon telephoning.

"Now," she said, when she had finished, "I am free—that is for an hour. The Mothers' Ethical Society does not meet until five. I simply *must* be there, as I am to read a paper. Now! Let us see what can be done. Tell me everything!"

The Professor explained at greater length. He went through in hideous detail his recent interview with the cook and her untimely departure. For the first time in his life he talked servants and he did it with all the dramatic enthusiasm and oratory of a suburban bride. "And here I am," he ended, "with no cook, no chambermaid, no nurse, my poor wife in the hospital and nothing to eat in the house."

At the end of his recital Mrs. Quester rose triumphantly.

"What you need," she cried, "is some good, hard-working woman, honest and respectable, who will come in and tide you over."

"A woman of superior attainments," asked the Professor, "some one who has a mental grasp on the situation?"

"Not necessarily. Almost any one who has—well, common sense and can cook. Ah! if I were only at liberty. But I will go right down-town. There are several places on my way to the club. I will secure such a person. I'll telephone."

She rose.

"I'll go at once. There is no time to lose. Expect to hear from me at any moment. Now, my dear friend, don't worry! It will be all right."

She held out her hand. The tears of gratitude rose unbidden to the eyes of the Professor. Only in time of trouble, he thought to himself, do we know our friends. Thus they parted.

He had been gone over an hour, and as with an appalling sense of trepidation he opened the door of his own domicile he was conscious of something unexpected. He stopped and listened attentively, as a physician listens at the heart of his patient. The sounds were normal. He sniffed the air. An undesirable odor of cooking pervaded it.

Making his way to the door of the kitchen—a place he never had seen before—he pushed it open and stood face to face with Mrs. Coots. That lady—if such a distinguished name can be applied to one so humbly engaged—was busy broiling a steak. Sundry pots stood near by on the stove, bubbling contentedly to themselves, indicating that the steak was not alone; was, indeed, surrounded by its peers; and the children, grouped at a respectful distance, were watching the whole proceeding with respectful and anticipatory interest.

"Good afternoon, Professor. You see I've taken possession."

"Dear me, Mrs. Coots. This is quite unexpected. Really it's too much to ask. Can't I do something—be of any assistance to you?"

The new cook waved her bare arm authoritatively.

"No, no—you'd only be in the way. Leave me alone."

"But it's awfully good of you."

Mrs. Coots smiled. There was the faintest suggestion of a satiric chuckle in it.

"Don't flatter yourself. I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for your poor, dear overworked wife. Now don't bother us, please. I'll let you know when everything is ready. There won't be much style, but something good to eat. Go up-stairs and make yourself quite comfortable."

It was fortunate for the Professor that he possessed a reflective temperament, not easily moved by impulse.

He withdrew, with an uncomfortable feeling that he had been treated in his own house with a total lack of respect. "A truly disagreeable person," he muttered, "but evidently she is well meaning and has a kind heart. In the emergency it is better for me to accept her good offices. How fortunate that I can control myself so completely."

Not long afterward the telephone bell rang—long and vigorously, as if the operator had been unconsciously compelled to emphasize her calling by the personality at the other end.

"Ah, Professor, this is Mrs. Quester. Delighted to hear your voice. Do you know I was thinking about you after I left you—what a perfectly *dreadful* experience for you—for one of your *intense* refinement and extreme sensitiveness. The world owes so much to your intellectual attainments, it seems such a pity for you to be disturbed even for a moment. *Perfectly horrid!* Really, you should never be burdened with

any household annoyances. But, of course, we both realize that this could not be helped—and poor, dear Mrs. Bunce. I'm sure she's all right—don't permit yourself to think anything else. We will know soon, I hope. You must let me know the very instant you hear. I'm so anxious about her. My voice actually trembled when I read my paper just now. But it was really a flattering success. More than I could dream of. But how are you! Now, you mustn't be anxious a bit. Bear up for the sake of the children. Now, I have what I think is a *perfectly delightful* plan. Of course, I didn't have any luck getting any one for you. One never does nowadays and especially when one needs them most. I tried several agencies, but the girls were all out. To-morrow maybe. I only wish I could help you myself. Isn't it a shame that I am so run to death with calls upon my time? It does seem as though I have so much to do, and just at this time, too—just when you need me most. Horrid, isn't it? Now they expect me to follow up this paper with another on some ulterior aspects of the kindergarten. I'm going to ask you to help me with it. I know you can just *illuminate* it with your superior thought. But—wait a moment, central—my plan! Oh, yes. There is such a delightful little restaurant right next to the club. Why not take the children there? The cars go by the door. It will be a real vivid experience for them. You will all enjoy it, I am sure. I sometimes think that children are too closely confined at home. They need the fresh, invigorating stimulus of contact with outsiders. It will be a recreation for you all. It's the *Home Cafe*—right on the next corner—very respectable—tables reserved for ladies and children. Do try it. Well, I must run away. *Bear up!* I will drop in to-morrow, even if I cannot be with you long. What's that? Mrs. Coots?"

"Mrs. Coots is here!"

"Oh! Indeed! You mean the person on the other side. Hasn't she children of her own?"

"I do not know, really. She came over in the most unexpected manner, and is now in the kitchen cooking the dinner."

"How lovely of her. I imagine she has little to do but look after her children. Well, Professor, that is fortunate. Then you won't have to carry out my plan for this afternoon. But, perhaps, to-morrow. I'm so glad you have *some one*. I assure you it is a great relief. I was really anxious about you. Well, I must say good-by."

She was gone. In the dim distance he heard the voice of Mrs. Coots—uncultivated and rasping, the Professor thought—calling "Dinner!"

He was very hungry and he managed to swallow his pride with his meal.

"Don't concern yourself about anything," Mrs. Coots said after it was over. "I'll put the children to bed. My maid will stay here to-night. She is reliable. To-morrow morning I'll have a woman by the day. I know a good one—so you can go up-stairs and flock by yourself—as usual!"

* * *

It was three weeks later. The operation had been entirely successful. Mrs. Bunce, a trifle paler, was back again in their own kingdom.

Once more they sat together, and the conversation which had so suddenly been interrupted was now continued.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bunce, "do you remember that we were discussing Mrs. Coots and Mrs. Quester before I went away, and that you said Mrs. Quester was the cleverest woman you had ever met; and Mrs. Coots—well, you didn't like her. Now what do you think?"

"Just the same."

"Just the same!"

Once more the Professor halted his cigarette in midair.

"I am willing to admit," he replied, "that Mrs. Coots, disagreeable and uninteresting as she can make herself, is a very good cook and no doubt useful in some capacities."

"But Mrs. Coots did all the work—she made a perfect slave of herself. Why, she took practically entire charge all the time I was away, and Mrs. Quester—what on earth did she do?—why *she* did all the talking."

"That," replied the Professor, "is why she is so extremely clever. I want to say to you, my dear, that if it hadn't been for the superb appreciation of my temperament, the intellectual sympathy with my unfortunate condition which Mrs. Quester displayed so constantly, I simply couldn't have lived through such a period."

Mrs. Bunce did not reply. She smiled sadly to herself. Perhaps her husband, as he gazed at it, may have thought there was a trace of irony in it. But she was too wise a woman to betray herself.

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The Steinways have been for four generations, and are to-day, initiators and originators—never imitators and followers. The various inventions and innovations that have made the Steinway Concert Grand Piano the ideal concert grand, and the five-foot-ten-inch Miniature Grand the ideal small grand, are all Steinway inventions and innovations.

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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

A POLITE REQUEST

"One of the most polite men that ever lived in this town was Lon Hobart," said a prominent citizen of Bushby to a stranger in the village. "We were always proud of Lon's manners whilst he was here, and by what I learn they've got every reason to be proud of him out in Stony Gulch, where he now resides.

"Yes, he went out there in the interests of a mine," continued the Bushby man, glad to have a new listener. "Some of our folks went out there last year, and Lon showed 'em round. They said that in one place, where it was kind o' dangerous and open, there was a big placard stuck up, and on it Lon had printed: 'Please do not tumble down the shaft.'

"They said it made 'em feel at home right off."—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW TO CUSS AN EDITOR

The number of obsolete words that are to be found in a complete dictionary of the English language is considerably larger than the people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them:

"Sir: You have behaved like an impetiginous scrogle—like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their ungllicity to the height of creating symposiacally the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to abligate the tongues of the weetless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words, though they were trangams!

"I will not coascervate reproaches. I will oduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamfered even my indiscerptible heart. I am silent on the focillation which my coadjuvancy must have given when I offered to become your fantor and adminicle. I will not speak of the lippitude, the oblespy you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me.

"I warn you that I would vellicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarthrosis thereby could be performed—if I thought I should not impignorate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scrogle, hand with your crass, inquisite fantors! Draw oblectations from the thought if you can of having synchronically lost the existimation of the greatest poet since Milton."

And yet all these words are to be found in the dictionary.—*Tit-Bits*.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

Bridget had been going out a great deal, and her husband Mike was displeased. "Bridget, where do ye spend yer toime nights? Ye're out iv'ry avenin' fur two weeks," he said.

"Shut up, Mike! I'm gettin' an edication," she answered.

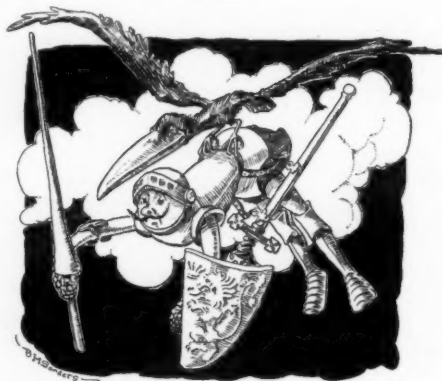
"An' phwat are ye learnin'?" said her indignant husband.

"Why, to-night we learned about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation," said Michael. "What's that?"

"Why, I can't explain; but, fur instance, if the sense of smell is poor, the sense of taste is all the sharper, and if yez are blind ye can hear all the better."

"Ah, yes," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I see it's llike this: Fur instance, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."—*Sunday Magazine*.



ROOK TAKES KNIGHT

BEHIND THE TIMES

"So you are Ananias!" said the recently arrived Shade. "There is a club on earth named after you."

"Yes; I have heard of it. But things have progressed. I don't believe an artless, uncultured prevaricator like myself could qualify for membership in it."—*Washington Star*.

It was hardly fair for a faith curist to let his baby die by that system, however admirable the system may be adapted to personal parental use.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

"The mind is a marvelous thing," said Professor Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class. His lecture and its sequel are printed in the *New York Sun*. "Let us consider," went on the worthy sage, "the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, 'making up one's mind.' I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examining it searchingly in all lights, from all angles. By the indefinable processes of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But that is not all.

"As a man of discretion, it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions.

"I next step aside psychically and view the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic, although notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others, and view my own impressions and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise. I urge you to cultivate the faculty.

"Finally, I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decide; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, next to moderation and open-mindedness, there is nothing so valuable as firmness.

"This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision."

The students departed, much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door.

"Zachariah," she said, "have you made up your mind on that matter?"

"Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no."

"Really?" "There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. "Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to"—Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

"Very well, my dear," interjected the professor quickly and meekly. "All right; do not let us have any words. Of course I shall accept; of course."

A LITERAL TRANSLATION

When General Kuroki visited Yale and heard the college yell, according to Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, in *Harper's Weekly*, he turned to one of the interpreters in the party and asked, "What are they saying?"

"They have just remarked," exclaimed the interpreter, "that they are very glad, indeed, to see you, and that they hope you will come again and stay longer. They congratulate you upon your victories in the East, and, in conclusion, they wish to inform you that you have been unanimously elected a Son of a Gambolier."

EXPECTED FINISH

"Yes," said the prospective purchaser, "I always select an automobile by its motors."

"But don't you pay any attention to its finish?" asked the salesman, who had been showing the upholstering and brass trimmings.

"Oh, no. All of my automobiles generally finish up in a tree or in a haystack."—*Chicago News*.

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The Thermos Bottle



A Sectional View

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THACKERAY almost broke the heart of a silent worshiper in Charlotte Bronte when first they met at table. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north," she quoted as he entered the drawing-room, while he, as one of his biographers tells us, was feeling nothing but a poor but ravenous specimen of an Englishman. At dinner she was placed, by her own request, opposite Thackeray. "And I had," he said, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappear down my throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it. At last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly, 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray, don't!'"—*Bellman*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

AN OHIO author, now in Chicago, recently had a visit from a friend who still lives in the town where the two were boys together. He gives this account of one memory of that call: "'Nesbit,' said he, with the pleasantest kind of a look on his face, 'you remember that little old house on Main Street where you were born?' When he said that it brought up a vision of that house as clear as the reality. I saw the queer little windows, the nice, friendly door, the yard, the lilacs—everything. 'Yes, Bill,' I said with emotion. 'I remember very well.' 'Well,' he said, 'the folks have gone and put a tablet on that old house.' At first I couldn't speak. I had all I could do to keep the tears from coming. The folks hadn't lost sight of me, then! They knew what I had been doing. A tablet was, I admitted to myself, somewhat beyond my deserts, but—but there it was. When I could speak I said: 'And what does the tablet say, Bill, old man?' Bill looked away out of the window, 'Main Street,' said he, softly."—*Argonaut*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

TRAIN-WRECKING is giving literary production quite a run for the honor of being the principal industry of Indiana.—*Detroit Journal*.

A SOUTHERN telegraph operator, directing the movement of trains, claims to have been on duty eighty-four consecutive hours. The difference between a fatal accident on that line and homicide would be hard to determine.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new otermatic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollah or quahtah falls on a red plush cushion widout noise; a nickel will ring a small bell distinctually heard by de congregation, an' a suspendah-button, ma fellow mawtels, will fiah off a pistol; so you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, w'ile I takes off ma hat an' gibs out a hymn."—*Independent*.

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A MAN of somewhat caustic wit who had been dining sumptuously at the table of a *nouveau riche* declared to a friend on his homeward way that he felt a new and strange sensation about his heart.

"If it isn't indigestion," ventured the friend, "I think it must be gratitude."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE prosperity that simply ignores what is called a panic must be the real thing.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

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"A health to the girl with yellow hair;
A health to the girl with red;
A health to the black;
A health to the brown;
But a deeper draught than all
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Dignities

(In an apartment house)

OR THERE or here, to toil or pleasure led,
The tenants pass and cut each other dead:
Jones, second floor, administers affronts
Because his father was a governor, once;
The third floor Smiths regret the fourth floor Browns;
The latter deprecate the fifth floor's gowns;
And Mrs. Carrollton, the first floor—she
Whose carriage chills the street, from nine to three—
Bemoans the fate that here hath fixed her tent,
And queries how those people pay the rent.

Meanwhile, beneath their several stations sunk,
The janitor abides, serenely drunk.
I wonder whether, if the boiler burst,
He or the Carrollton would come out first.

—House Beautiful.

Cruel Fate of the Egrets

FLORIDA is rapidly losing its flocks of herons. The white egret is being slaughtered into extinction for the sake of the beautiful white feathers on its back, which when plucked and placed on a flinty hearted woman's hat become an aigret.

The scale on which the massacre of these beautiful birds is being carried on is almost incredible. An idea of it may be gained from the fact that one egret will furnish only one-sixth of an ounce of plumage feathers, and yet at a public sale in London less than a year ago more than 11,000 ounces of osprey plumes were offered for sale.

The most lamentable feature of the slaughter of the beautiful and innocent birds is that the feathers grow at the time when the egrets are nesting and breeding. The best plumes are taken from the upward tuft at the back, which is developed at the breeding season, though feathers are, of course, taken also from the wing and the breast. They are common to both sexes, and it is impossible to distinguish between the male and the female. An egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are torn from its back, its body is left to rot on the ground and the young ones perish of starvation.—Boston Globe.

The only American Scores used in England—Rad-Bridge.

Both Were Collectors

A LOCAL newspaper artist got a letter one day from a man over in Indiana who said he was making a collection of sketches. "I have drawings from well-known newspaper artists in nearly every State in the Union," the Indiana man wrote, "but I have none from Ohio. I have seen some of your work, and I think it is good. If you will send me some little sketch for my collection I shall have it framed."

The artist noticed from the letterhead that the Indiana man was connected with a bank in one of the small towns over in the State of literature. That gave him a hunch, and he wrote back as follows:

"I am making a collection of ten-dollar bills. I haven't secured specimens from every State of the Union, but I have several tens and a few twenties, and I am particularly anxious to have a ten-dollar bill from Indiana. I notice that you are employed in a place where ten-dollar bills are kept, and if you send me one for my collection I shall be glad to have it framed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COMINES, a little town in France, must be a nice, humane place. A custom-house officer found a wretched cur in a railway van and threw it into the furnace of the engine. The S. P. C. A. prosecuted the man, but French law only punishes a man who is cruel to his own dog. The Municipal Council of Comines have now congratulated the custom-house officer for his courage in tackling the dog, and petitioned the French Prime Minister to give him some reward. Nice, humane place, Comines!—Sporting Times.

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Latest Books

Shakespeare, by Walter Raleigh. (The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.)
Balm in Gilead, by Florence M. Kingsley. (Funk and Wagnalls. 40 cents.)
The Stolen Throne, by Herbert Kaufman and May I. Fisk. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)
The Great American Pie Company, by Ellis Parker Butler. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
A Night in Avignon, by C. Y. Rice. (McClure, Phillips and Company. 50 cents.)
The Trimmed Lamp, by O. Henry. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
His Courtship, by Helen R. Martin. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
The Siamese Cat, by H. M. Rideout. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
Through Portugal, by Martin Hume. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
The Story of Life Insurance, by B. J. Hendrick. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.20.)
The Smiths, by Keble Howard. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
The Master of Stair, by Marjorie Bowen. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)
Water Wonders, by Jean M. Thompson. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.10.)
Nearest the Pole, by Robert E. Peary. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$4.80.)
The Confessions of a Daddy, by E. P. Butler. (The Century Company. 75 cents.)
The Princess and the Ploughman, by Florence M. Kingsley. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)
Needles and Pins, by Justin H. McCarthy. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys, by J. H. Adams. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.75.)
Sojourning, Shopping and Studying in Paris, by Elizabeth O. Williams. (A. C. McClurg and Company.)

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A New Use for M.D.'s

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, the comedian, who is now on a starring tour through the West, was recently invited as the guest of honor to the Country Club, about five miles outside of San Francisco, after the performance. As Mr. Hitchcock knew from previous experience that a cabman would ask a fortune to carry him out to the club, he looked up the address of a physician near the theatre, and after the close of the show he went around and rang the bell. The doctor opened the door personally, and Hitchcock said:

"Doctor, you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come right away?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside a moment while I 'phone for my auto. We'll be there in a jiffy."

It was a good five miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of suburban homes.

"The yellow house on the left there," said Hitchcock, as he got out of the machine. "By the way, I forgot to ask you the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor.

The comedian peeled off four one-dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That will be all, thank you, doctor. None of these pirate hackmen would take me out here for less than fifteen."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Seasonable Invention

"WHAT do you call that queer-looking arrangement?"

"That's what we call the 'housekeeper's friend.' It's a family ice-box, capable of being converted at a moment's notice into a coal-bin."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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Every-Day Cruelties

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE:

PERMIT me, as one who shares in some measure the views of the author of "Universal Kinship," whose address on "The Cost of a Skin," delivered at the recent convention in Chicago, has given rise to adverse criticism, to say that it is not the taking of the life of the animal, but the extreme cruelties connected therewith which cause some of us to forego the pleasure of fur-wearing.

At a moment when the lamented Henry Bergh came face to face with the despairing thought that he must relinquish his work for the want of funds, he received a letter from a patient lying near death in a hospital, urging his presence at his bedside, as he had an important message for him. On arriving, the patient told him that some comic papers had fallen into his hands in which he had noticed with painful interest the caricatures portraying him as he bravely faced unsympathetic, jeering opponents as he busied himself in the defense of the defenseless, and, handing him a very generous check (afterward supplemented by his bequest of some hundred thousand dollars), asked his acceptance for the pursuance of his unselfish, devoted work, and added that it would be somewhat of a relief to his conscience, for (while well off at present) he had in former years been a "trapper," and the unthinkable, atrocious cruelties connected with the occupation had haunted him always, and he was glad to expiate in some measure the cruelty he had shared in.

We (so-called) extremists, who realize the long-drawn-out anguish that awaits the trapped fur animal, feel that the pleasure of wearing the exquisite fur would be but small compensation for imposing this suffering on a keenly sentient being. Neither do we purchase ornaments made from the shell of the tortoise, taken by extreme cruelty from the living creature.

The melted shell is beautiful, but to us the processes involved savor of a cruelty contrary to the finer feelings, which, as far as may be, we try to make the key-note of our daily living.

To us the bird-inhabited woodland is a source of extreme pleasure and delight. But that women should elect to decorate themselves with the twisted, dismembered bodies of once living creatures is repugnant to us. G. KENDALL.

What She Wanted to Say

"JOHN, the cook has left"—

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry"—

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left"—

"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say.' And I merely want to say that it's a great shame that this household is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why"—

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding and a pint of claret on the dining-room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why in the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Metaphors from Metals

"IT IS most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes.

"Thus, an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper-lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

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At the Rainbow's End

AT A recent dinner in Philadelphia Archbishop Ryan and Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf were seated side by side. In front of them was one of those celebrated Virginia hams which make the mouths of men water.

Turning to his neighbor the Archbishop inquired graciously:

"My dear Rabbi, when may I help you to some of this delicious ham?"

With ever-ready wit, the Rabbi smilingly replied: "At your wedding, your Grace."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

NEW YORK and Pennsylvania have recently increased the pay of rural school teachers so that their compensation is not much less than that of day laborers.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Commendable Example

THE popular after-dinner speaker rose to respond to a toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the unexpectedly flattering manner in which your toastmaster has introduced this evening reminds me of a story which strikes me as being appropriate to the occasion. By the way, how many of you have heard the story of the Pennsylvania farmer and the young wolf he bought for a 'coon dog'? Will those who are familiar with it from having listened to it half a dozen times or more please raise their hands?"

An overwhelming majority of his auditors raised their hands.

"Thanks, gentlemen," he said. "I shall not inflict it upon you."

With their rapturous applause still ringing in his ears, he sat down.

He made the hit of the evening.—*Chicago Tribune.*

All That He Had

"CAN you give bond?" asked the Judge. "Have you got anything?"

"Jedge," replied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you. I hain't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no 'count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter an' the ol' war rheumatism."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOTHING could be more eloquent of conditions in Korea than the fact that Koreans are escaping to Russia. Think of escaping to Russia!—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Water-Loving Cat

A TABBY tomcat which I have reared from a kitten and which is now nearly three years old possesses more amicable characteristics and paradoxical peculiarities than I have ever known a cat to have before, and I loved cats all my life. He bathes like a seal, having taught himself in a sponge bath when about three months old, and thoroughly enjoys a romp with my big Labrador dog afterward to get dry.

He is a perfect demon for fledgling birds, walking all over the front of the ivy-clad house and hooking them from their nests, very often pouching fourteen a day. Yet he lies in the dining-room where a goldfinch, a siskin and a linnet fly backward and forward continuously, often brushing close past his head, and of them he never takes the slightest notice.

As I write he is mothering a belated chick which was extracted from its shell by ourselves this morning, the hen having left the nest with twelve others. It is snuggling between the cat's hind legs and peeping out between them most comically. I must add that this cat has never been beaten, or trained in any way except by a quiet word.—*F. J. Bullen in London Spectator.*

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Gibson Story

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, who is now in Paris, told, at a dinner at the Café Riche, a pretty story about Horace Vernet, the great French painter of battle pieces.

"When Vernet," said Mr. Gibson, "was at the height of his fame, when the prices he was getting were enormous, a grizzled old veteran came to him one day and said:

"I want you to make my picture to send home to my son. What is your charge?"

"How much are you willing to pay?" said Vernet, smiling.

"A franc and a half," was the answer.

"Very good."

"And the artist, with a few quick strokes, dashed off a wonderful sketch of the old man.

"The old man paid, tucked the sketch under his arm and carried it out triumphantly to a comrade who awaited him outside.

"But I did wrong not to haggle a bit," Vernet overheard him say; 'I might have gotten it for a franc.'"—*Washington Star*.

JAMESTOWN'S Exposition seems to be promoting peace by inspiring desertions from foreign navies.—*Chicago News*.



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is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebit, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast and Chafing Dish Cooking.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

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A Stinging Retort

A GENTLEMAN purchased at the post-office a large quantity of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers and other postal requisites.

Finding them somewhat difficult to carry, he asked one of the counter clerks if he could supply him with a small quantity of string.

"We are not permitted by the department to supply string," was the reply.

"Then give me a bit of red tape," was the sarcastic retort.

The string was supplied.—*Sketch*.



Two straw hats of exactly the same head-size, but with a difference in height of crown and width of brim. Each one is a 1907

KNOX HAT

and hence in the latest fashion, but such little differences as these make it easy for you to secure just the hat that is most comfortable and becoming.



How many trips to the laundry?

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A Good Style

This collar, a trifle higher than our well known Variety, will give you real satisfaction in its trim, stylish appearance, its comfortable fit and long wear.

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A White Slave

BY SOME they are called "white slaves." But they—the "slaves"—are nearer black than white. All of them are foreign-born and most of them are females.

From early in the morning until the shadows lengthen to the setting sun these women drudges tramp through the sweatshop district adjacent to Police Headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street. Going and coming, always laden with clothing finished, "partly" finished or only "cut" to pattern, the wonder is that they—the old and the very young—have the bodily strength to stand up under the loads piled high upon their heads.

The other day two women well along in the fifties, emaciated and dull-eyed, trudged through "the" block from somewhere below Houston Street to somewhere on Broadway a few blocks above Bleeker Street. Upon their heads the women each carried a bundle of thick, rough, cheap overcoats, bound tightly with cord. So heavy were the loads that the pressure upon the hips gave the burden-bearers a lateral motion painful to see; it suggested strain to the breaking point. And when the women stepped with greatest precaution from the pavement to the asphalt, five inches below, they tottered and wavered an instant, not knowing, as it appeared, whether to sink below their burdens or cast them from their heads. But they did neither the one nor the other. Instead, with upstretched arms, steadying the loads, they halted an instant; the slow-plodding struggle was resumed and at last the journey ended at—Crosby Street—just as many another journey before and since was ended, by dropping the loads upon the floor of an elevator by which the coats were raised to the upper floor of the place of business of the women's employers.

Perhaps it was an hour before these slaves passed again through "the" block—on the way, now, to their homes! And their burdens were heavy. Overcoats, "cut to pattern," they carried. With them came a child—a girl, possibly so old as twelve years—a frail, half-starved little woman, with big, black, distressful eyes. Her burden was not in bulk more than half that carried by the older two whom she followed with painful effort. But the child was unequal to the task put upon her. Before she reached Houston Street she was seen to stagger. A man hastened to her. She, hearing him, leaned against a house wall and waited patiently. The big bundle slipped from her head, falling upon the dirty flagging. The child stood looking after the two women. Their march was not to be halted by an appeal for help. If they removed their loads, who was there to replace them? They, the women, could not have lifted them into place again.

And the child? She spoke in her native tongue. The man told her to rest awhile. Neither understood the other.

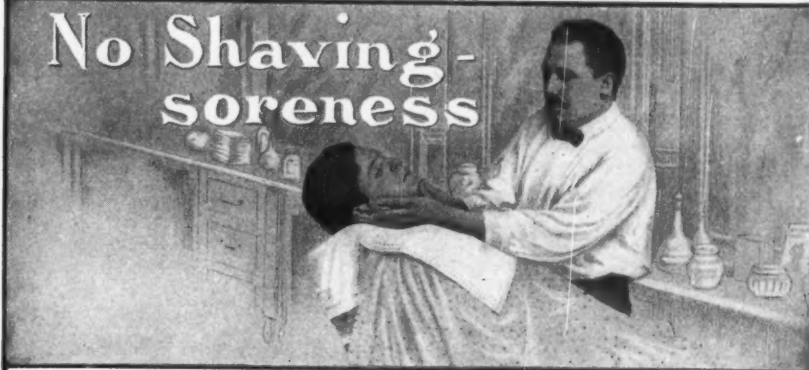
Presently the child made an effort to pick up her burden. She could not lift it above her knees. The man—and he was not a weakling—was no more than able, by her aid, to put it upon her head. The child, looking her gratitude, trudged on.—*New York Evening Sun.*

IT IS related that Mr. Roosevelt's natural history studies while a college youth included comparative anatomy and physiology of vertebrates, elementary botany, physical geography and meteorology, geology and elementary and advanced zoology. It will be seen that the President, early in life, gave evidence of the restless and comprehensive mentality that has since distinguished him.—*Washington Star.*

MR. HARRIMAN keeps hovering about the Interstate Commerce Commission like a bumblebee buzzing around a thistle.—*Chicago News.*

Shaving soreness is usually due to a combination of stiff, heavy beard, and an over-sensitive skin. The scraping of the razor, together with the rubbing in of soap, irritates the skin and makes it sore, often producing razor-rash. Lotions and similar preparations may give more or less temporary relief, but cannot either cure or prevent shaving soreness.

No Shaving-soreness



Next time you visit the barber, have a massage with

Pompeian Massage Cream

after shaving; cleanses the pores of all irritating particles of soap, and furthermore, gradually *strengthens* the skin so that it is soon able to bear frequent shaving without discomfort. Pompeian Massage will, furthermore, take out wrinkles and blackheads, and put the skin in a healthy, ruddy, supple condition.

If you shave yourself or wish to massage yourself, you can get Pompeian Massage Cream of your druggist for home use. But do not allow either barber or druggist to substitute an imitation. No imitation has the qualities of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Pompeian cannot possibly injure the most delicate skin and contains **no grease**. Look for the trade mark label on the bottle and be sure "Pompeian" is there, and not some other word similar in appearance or pronunciation.

Your wife or sister will be glad to have a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream in the house. Most women to-day recognize the value of this preparation in maintaining a clean, clear, healthy skin. Contains no grease; makes the use of face powders unnecessary.

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AMBITIOUS

"SET THE MATCH TO IT, BILL, AND I'LL SHOW THESE OTHER BIRDS THAT I CAN FLY AS HIGH AS ANY OF THEM!"

A New Legal Story

THE list of good legal stories has been increased by one that is creating a good deal of amusement among judges and lawyers. As it goes, Chief Justice Falconbridge, of Ontario, Mr. Justice Britton and Mr. Justice Riddell, a newly appointed judge, were sitting together as a court in Toronto not long since. According to some legalists who were present the presentation of argument on behalf of one of the clients was rather prolix and not very much to the point, to put it mildly. Mr. Justice Riddell, who, by the way, was not to the same extent inured against the tediousness of the proceedings as were his colleagues, was observed to pass one of them a slip of paper, on which, presumably, were written some notes on the case. Immediately the "notes" were read, however, by his colleagues, there was a subdued suggestion of mirth apparent on their part. It turned out that the "notes" read after this fashion:

THE "NOTES"

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling)

"'Oo is it makes that bloomin' noise?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"It's counsel's openin' argument."

The color-sergeant said.

"'Oo 'as to 'ear the bally stuff?"

Asked Files-on-Parade.

"The chief and his two hired men,"

The color-sergeant said.

"For he doesn't know his law, he misrepresents the facts; His logic is so rotten you can see through all the cracks, And he's pretty sure to get it where the chicken got the axe, When the Court delivers judgment in the morning."

—Montreal Star.

"WHAT is your idea of universal peace?"

"Well," answered the practical person, "for present purposes the best I look for is a situation where everybody is so willing to fight that nobody wants to start it."—Washington Star.

MANY brief and telling replies are laid to the account of Douglas Jerrold. It will suffice to recall one. "What is going on?" said a bore, stopping Jerrold on the street. "I am," and the speaker suited the action to the word. Akin to this was the answer of John Wesley to the blustering swaggerer who pushed against him on the path with the insulting remark, "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," said Wesley, quietly stepping aside and then placidly pursuing his way. A similar anecdote is told of Lord Kitchener, of Khartum, who, while walking in St. James Park, was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said, "Hello, Lord Kitchener! I bet you don't know me!" The general gazed at him unmoved. "You win," he remarked laconically, and walked on.—The Bellman.



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